VOL. CCXII, No. 2771

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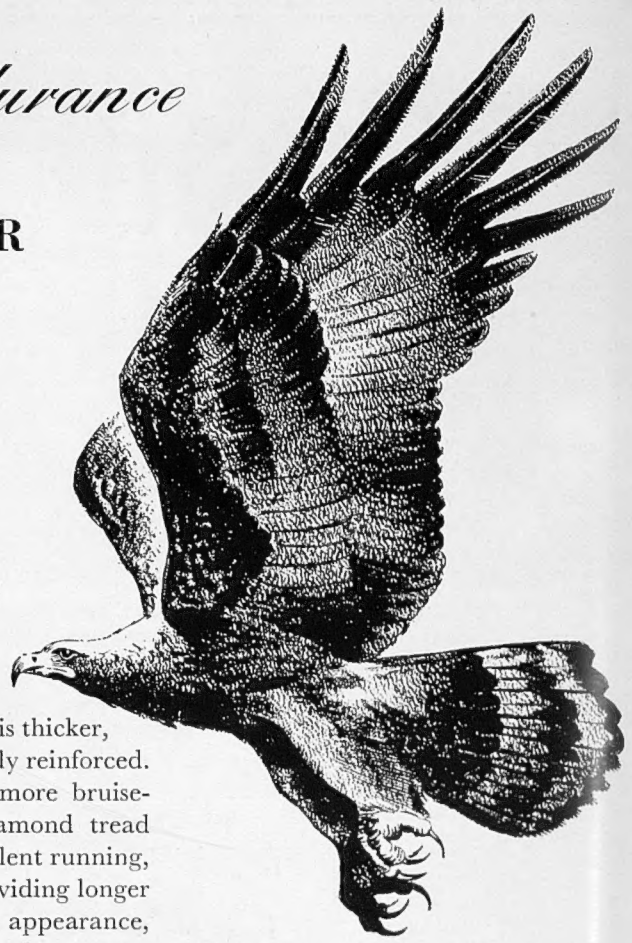

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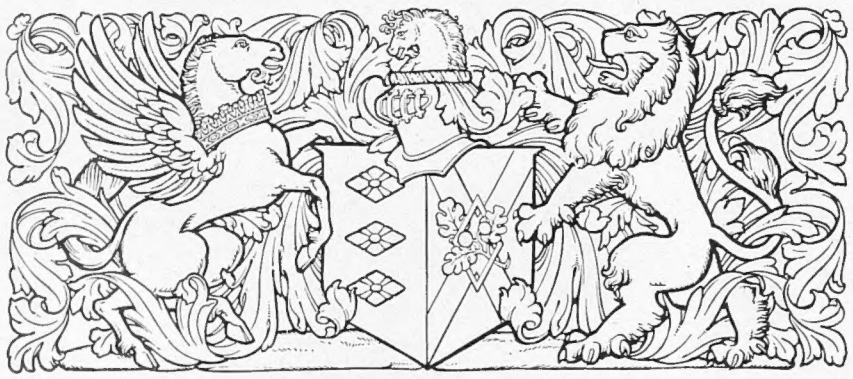

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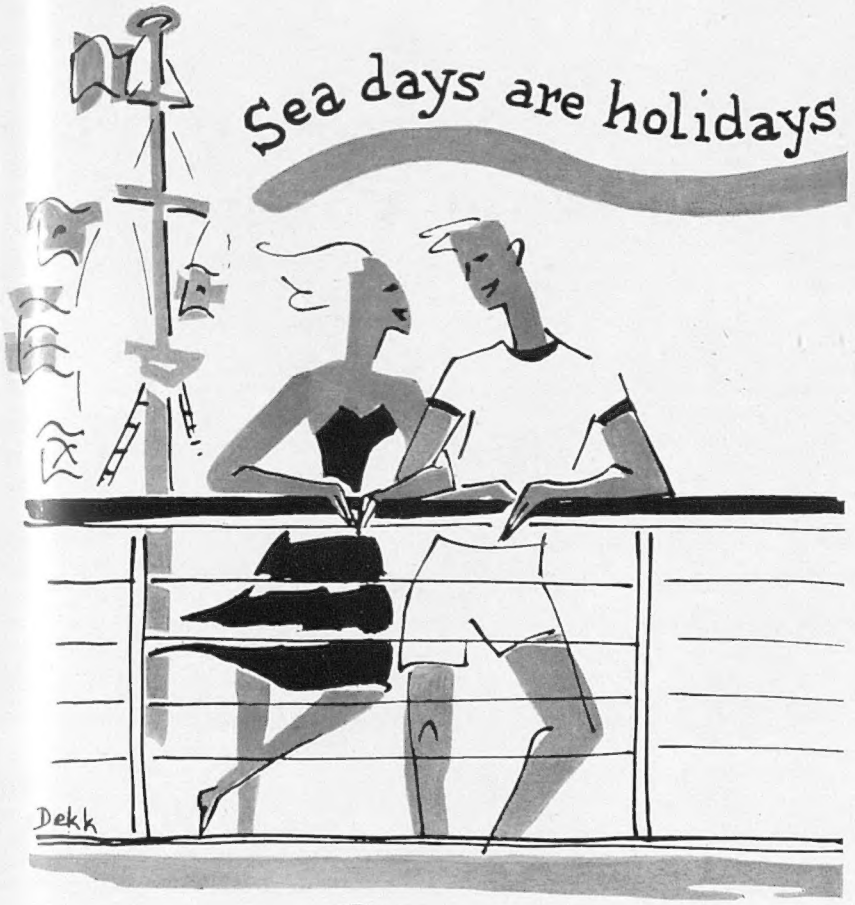

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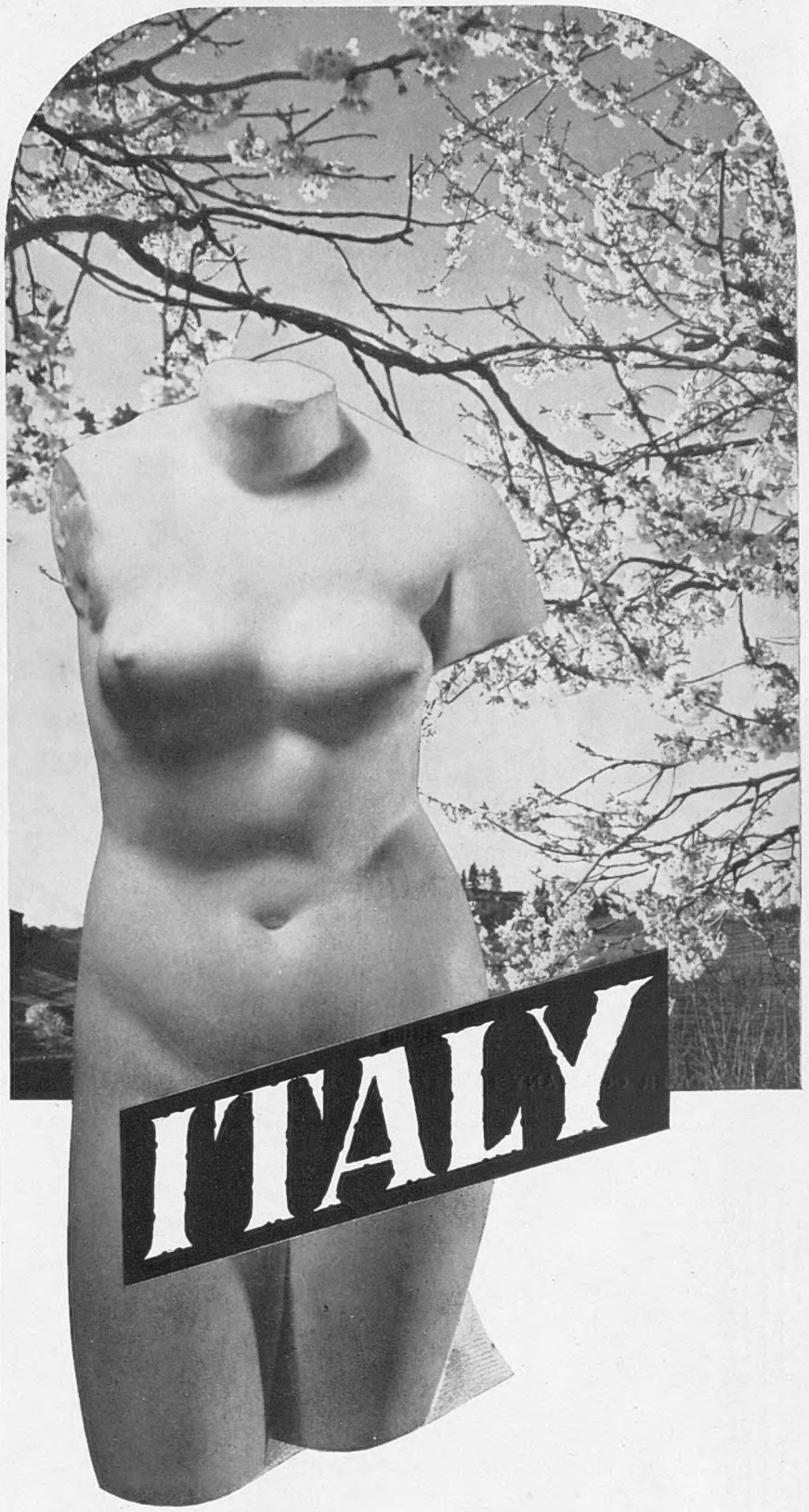

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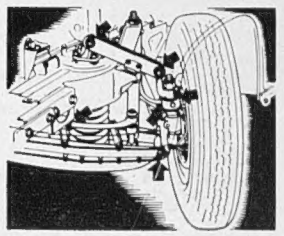

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Volume CCXII No. 2771 The SPHERE, London, March 21, 1953

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

MARSHAL TITO WITH MR. CHURCHILL AND MR. EDEN AT WESTMINSTER—THE FIRST HEAD OF A COMMUNIST COUNTRY TO VISIT BRITAIN ARRIVED IN THE THAMES ESTUARY LAST SUNDAY AND ON MONDAY AFTERNOON JOURNEYED UP-RIVER TO WESTMINSTER PIER TO BE RECEIVED OFFICIALLY : Marshal Tito travelled to London in the training-ship *Galeb*, escorted by four British destroyers, and after anchoring on Sunday night off the Nore reached Greenwich on Monday afternoon, there transferring to a Port of London Authority ceremonial launch which took him to the heart of London. Before his launch passed beneath the bridges all cross-river traffic was stopped.

Marshal Tito's five-day visit to Britain, surrounded though it was by security regulations of a most stringent character, was directed towards the creation of a better understanding between Yugoslavia and Britain, and as he neared the shores of Britain in the warship *Galeb*, the President made it plain that he looked forward to the days ahead with "eager interest," although he spoke with reserve about the possibility of an Anglo-Yugoslav Treaty of Friendship emerging from his talks with the British Government. Last Monday, on a spring-like day of warm sunshine after an early-morning fog on the lower reaches of the river, the President sailed up the Thames in the training-ship *Galeb*, a journey reminiscent of that made two years ago by the King of Norway on his official visit to Britain in Festival Year. After transferring to a ceremonial launch at Greenwich, Tito came up the Thames to Westminster, there to be greeted by the Duke of Edinburgh, the Prime Minister and Mr. Eden. A naval guard of honour was drawn up at the landing-point. On landing, Marshal Tito drove to Downing Street, and then placed a wreath on the Cenotaph. Last Tuesday it was arranged that he should take lunch at Buckingham Palace, and afterwards he was received by the London County Council. During his stay Marshal Tito stayed near London. The name of the house where he stayed was not disclosed in advance. (See also pages 406-407.)

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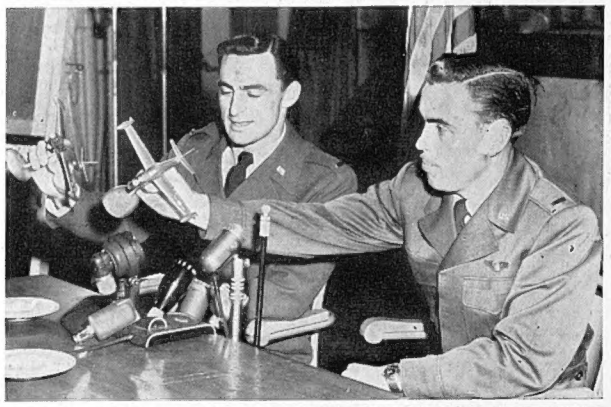
THEY WERE ATTACKED BY RUSSIAN MIGS.



THE TWO AMERICAN AIRMEN WHO WERE ATTACKED WHILE FLYING OVER THE AMERICAN ZONE OF GERMANY : Lieut. Warren G. Brown, of Henderson, Colorado (right), and Lieut. Donald C. Smith, of Marysville, Ohio, demonstrate with model planes how they were attacked. The two pilots were flying Thunderjets when they were attacked by two Russian MIG-15 fighters from Czechoslovakia. Hits were scored on the plane piloted by Lieut. Brown, and it crashed a few moments after the pilot had baled out. America immediately protested, Dr. Conant, the U.S. High Commissioner, describing the incident as a grave violation of Federal territory either by Russia or one of her satellites.

GEN. VAN FLEET SPEAKS OUT ON KOREA

AMERICA'S DEFENCE CHIEFS MEET THE FORMER EIGHTH ARMY COMMANDER IN THE FAR EAST BATTLE ZONE : The occasion was a round-table inquiry by the Senate Armed Services Committee into General Van Fleet's charges of critical ammunition shortages during the entire twenty-two months he commanded the United Nations' Ground Forces in Korea. General Van Fleet also advocated "limited" use of atomic weapons in Korea. From left to right in the picture are General James A. Van Fleet; Defence Secretary Charles E. Wilson; Army Secretary Robert T. Stevens, and Army Chief of Staff General J. Lawton Collins.

A MINISTER RETURNS TO HIS DUTIES

A SMART SALUTE FOR LORD WOOLTON AS HE ARRIVES AT LANCASTER HOUSE TO ASSUME HIS DUTIES AS CHANCELLOR OF THE DUCHY OF LANCASTER : This picture was taken last week when Lord Woolton began to resume his Ministerial duties after his long illness. He called on the Prime Minister, who welcomed him back to Whitehall, and then attended the Privy Council meeting at Buckingham Palace. At the time of his illness Lord Woolton was Lord President of the Council.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

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A London Newsletter

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Afterthoughts on Stalin's Death.—

For some time to come we shall go on speculating on the results of Stalin's death. Will it ameliorate the present miserable state of the world, will it make it worse? Can the system he built up survive the man; was he strong by his own personality or through the system? Little by little, we shall gather straws. Malenkov knows even less of the life and thought of Western civilisation than did Stalin. Stalin will hold his place in history among perhaps two-score giants—world figures larger than life. This list of world notables is composed of extremes, good men and bad men, humane men and ruthless, all of them gigantic, some of them canonised, some execrated. Compared with Hitler or Stalin, Napoleon would be reckoned a humane dictator; no one would question that his mental ability, his "genius," far exceeded theirs. Their impact on the world was perhaps greater than any others in the list, apart from the religious leaders, and certainly more terrible. The question is posed: Can the end justify the means and *vice versa*? Is it possible, after all we are taught in Holy Writ, that the methods of ruthless cruelty employed by modern dictators, throwing back to tyrants of the Dark Ages, can permanently succeed? History also says no. Ruthless tyranny carries the seeds of its own destruction. But let us remember that modern "barbarism" possesses all the scientific inventions of the twentieth century, and history is for ever starting a new chapter, and the chapter now being written reveals a great part of the world "prospering," in a sense, under a ruthless dictator's established rule, immensely powerful, the supreme dictator of the fate of civilisation, its uncountable millions just now mourning the loss of "the world's greatest man," their hero, god and "little father." Can such ruthless tyranny so enchant uncountable millions that slavery under such a master is preferable to liberty, and will induce them to bow still to any other leader who can carry on their master's regime and ideals? We do not know. Will Stalin's world go on from strength to strength or disintegrate, soon or later, in revolt and defection? The strength and weakness of tyranny, the comparative advantages of slavery and liberty, are now to be tested.

The Incentive of Fear.—

Ambition, at the best nationalistic, at the worst personal, is the first incentive to dictatorship, but not the permanent or the most important. Ambition yields to fear as the chief and continuous incentive, once the power has been attained. In order to hold that power down, fear spurs the leader on to ever stronger ruthlessness and, while it succeeds, fear forever reduces the will to resist or revolt by the enslaved peoples. We have no reason at all as yet to suppose that, to the primitive majority of the Russian peoples, Stalin's death is anything but a tragedy, a bitter grief and a natural and irreparable loss. Certainly we have no reason to expect that inside Russia (whatever may be the case in Poland or Czechoslovakia or other satellite countries) his death could be taken as an occasion for a revolt or a gradual breakaway. We know almost nothing of Malenkov. Already we see signs that he is tightening the control of the administration, and that justifies suggestions already made by leaders of Western nations that Stalin may soon come to be mourned as one whose influence and statesmanship, so far from preparing for world war, was used to avert or to delay it. On our side, among the leaders of the West, Britain has already made it clear that Stalin's death suggests no opportunity for other than our habitual peaceful measures to end the cold war. Our policy remains what it has always been: to go on trying by every available means of conciliation, short of surrender of principles, to break down suspicion, hatred and misunderstandings. And the West can take little comfort from Malenkov's first and far from conciliating pronouncements of his Government's policy. He announces the continuation of Stalinism, with all the accustomed bitter taunts, all the armoury of the cold war of Stalin's patent. On the other hand, over Stalin's coffin he spoke more temperately than did Mr. Dulles. So doubt remains; and so fear remains.

A Royal Ordeal.—

Is it really necessary for the Coronation service to last 2½ hours? Under this heading and with this question, several correspondents to the Press have expressed their anxiety about the physical and mental strain to be imposed on the Queen. I have no reason to suppose that the Queen would desire the service shortened. She could no doubt so ordain if she wished. My heart is not wrung for the sufferings of the select few whose "day" will be more like a ten-hour day in the Abbey precincts: I do not suppose one of them (in advance) would wish to shorten it by an hour. But I do confess that ever since last autumn, when Coronation fever began to show itself and preparations began to occupy the chief attention of hundreds of chosen people, I have needed guidance from the Church concerning this tremendous ceremony. As the centuries pass, the Abbey ceremony has seemed to have grown more elaborate and longer and longer. Clearly the intensely solemn rite of sanctification and dedication is for the Church the greatest national event over which it presides, and justifies in the eyes of the bishops the turning of a coronation into a religious orgy, a test of endurance for all concerned. It was not always so; the four phases of the rite have all been elaborated with the centuries. Originally a coronation was a short and simple ceremony, even after it took on, with the advance of Christianity, a (new) religious significance. Nor does a coronation add one smallest jot or tittle to the Constitutional authority of a sovereign, which he or she assumes in full, by inheritance, on the demise of the Crown; and Queen Elizabeth, as the public knows, has already twice solemnly and publicly announced her self-dedication to the service of the Commonwealth. In these circumstances, it has surprised me for months that the Church has given us so little instruction in the tremendous and awful solemnity which it attaches, and which we must attach, to these long and testing rites, and that we are left to be crammed *ad nauseam* with the outward pomps and trappings, the cakes and ale, of Coronation day, while we are starved of the spiritual aspects.

The *Princess Victoria*.—

The car ferry disaster on the Larne—Stranraer route is still being investigated by experts, and until the findings are published the question of blame, if any, attaching to any individual is *sub judice*. How far back the enquiry penetrates I do not know—whether to the now distant origins of the designing of this first car-ferry service

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IN FLEET STREET

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS VISITS THE PRESS ASSOCIATION AND [illegible]S ENTERTAINED TO LUNCHEON BY THE DIRECTORS : Prince P[illegible]lip went to the P.A. offices in Fleet Street, London, to see [illegible]ow news is received from all corners of the world. He is [illegible]ere seen being greeted at the building by Mr. Laurence [illegible]. Scott, chairman of the *Manchester Guardian* and Eveni[illegible]g News.

boat on that route, or merely to the event and the actions of those concerned in dealing with an accepted model. The *Princess Victoria III* took the place of the R.M.S. *Princess Margaret*, I think, fourteen years ago. The late Mr. Edgar Hall was Chief Engineer of the *Princess Margaret*, and he inspected with particular interest the new model so fundamentally different from the older. His comment was: "She is all right for the summer months but no good for the north channel in winter. One good sea on those ramp doors and she is finished." The new model's stern-defences consisted of two doors secured by eight bolts, while the hull space, instead of being divided by watertight doors into separate holds, was open car-deck which, once flooded, might destroy the vessel's buoyancy. I believe that the first crew which commissioned the *Victoria* never envisaged her employment on the winter service, and so could not imagine her as a commercial success on that account. All this belongs to long past history, and because such evidence as has yet emerged from the enquiry seems to show that the cause of the disaster is not likely to be attributed to the design of the vessel, Mr. Hall's ancient jeremiad is merely a commentary not concerned with the Enquiry's proceedings.

Oxford Undergraduates and Suicide.

—There is every reason why the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University should express anxiety at the statistical records of suicide among undergraduates. In the two years to 1949, the statistics reveal that thirty-five undergraduates died while at Oxford, seventeen as the result of accidents, nine by suicide. This is a very shocking revelation . . . and the trouble does not seem to have declined yet. It seems that the undergraduates' own weekly paper recently criticised the authority's indifference to the provision of "adequate psycho-analytic guidance for undergraduates." Which suggests that mental stress is a recognised problem among them. There are times when Oxford is a very depressing place; the threshold of manhood has always been a testing-time for youths whose minds are not well balanced; but these terrible statistics suggest that all is not comprised in a bad climate or a dangerous age. Whether the Vice-chancellor's nostrum—medical research on a wide basis

—is the right approach or the only field of inquiry, I do not know. Examinations, no doubt, are taken much more seriously to-day than in my day, and we know that these often ineffective tests of ability can be taken too tragically even by schoolboys. I do not recall any suicide during my four years at Oxford in the dim past, when psycho-analysis was practised neither by professionals nor amateurs. No doubt, in those bad old days, we took life (in two senses) less seriously than to-day. Certainly we talked less and thought less about our egos and libidos, complexes and repressions and what-not, and if we came away still illiterate, at least we came away still alive.

War on the Grey Squirrel.—At last the Forestry Commission and Ministry of Agriculture have seen the red light and the grey squirrel is outlawed and every man's hand is henceforth against it: 170,000 of these charming little pets (or pests) were killed last year and it hardly touched the problem of population increase. In fifty years the deliberately released handful (we used to feed them at the Zoo) have reached seven figures and are to-day a menace to woodlands, gardens, farms and game preserves. The order has gone forth to every man able (and authorised) to hold a gun or spring a (humane) trap to slay and spare not and draw a shilling for every tail produced to the local authority. The squirrel's funeral is my joy day. Last year on my "well-stocked preserves" of 50 acres, my family killed over 150, raking down 75 dreys (£7 10s. at current prices). We prided ourselves we had mopped up the lot. To-day they are as thick as the thieves they are. We shall be at it again, with guns and aluminium jointed rods for drey-jolting. It is the first time in my experience that "well-stocked preserves" have been admitted to be an asset, a money-maker. But the squirrel pogrom carries dangerous risks. The youth of the countryside needs no official encouragement to carry a gun (unlicensed) and discharge it on other people's land without any safety precautions, and I fear I shall share my "well-stocked preserves" (and the profits) with a dozen village neighbours and often hear the whistle of bullets and the thresh of shot about my ears. But on second thoughts, unless we still get free cartridges for the job from the A.E.C., we shan't get very rich. It costs me 100 cartridges to kill 50 squirrels—roughly a 1/- a tail!

A Bag of Terrorists.—When I heard on the air that a combined sweep by the Somerset Light Infantry and the police had brought in six more terrorists from the Malayan jungle, I rejoiced at the good work proceeding and pictured those fearful ruffians, chained but breathing fire and slaughter, a sight terrible to behold. Later I saw a picture of these thugs, and the camera cannot lie, though it sometimes suppresses *all* the truth. The bag consisted of five very pretty little girls apparently in their teens and an attractive little boy, all of whom a sentimental old buffer would feel disposed to pat on the head. But I rejected my first feeling that this was not a bag for a splendid regiment to "write home about," and accepted second thoughts: how little we know still of conditions in Malaya; how deep-rooted and fearful is this Communist poison which can turn children into murderers and strip them of the innocence of childhood and make them fit objects for all the science and organisation of modern armies equipped with the latest weapons. True, we do know enough of the Malayas to realise that even their middle-aged statesmen would pass unnoticed in a private school group. But this bunch of little girls looked so innocent as well as so childish.

Set Fair.—At the time of writing, my corner of Southern England has enjoyed nearly twenty days during which the barometer has not moved a fraction; steady around "set fair." On all but two of those days we have enjoyed many hours of bright and hot sunshine above the mist in the valley, and it has been pleasant to bask in chairs on the terrace or lie in the heather. Cheaper than, and quite as pleasant as, the Riviera. The conditions of each day have never varied. A near frost at night, an awakening to a white lawn, and by 11 o'clock an enchanting spring day in sheltered places. Such dry spells are common enough in March, good for farmers, not dangerous for gardeners, since the cool nights hold back premature forwardness among shrubs. But a drought in March is not worth a king's ransom (or is it ?) to those who own heathland and fir copses, or rely on them for amenities; for the dangers from fire are real and a discarded cigarette-end can (and does) turn a pleasant common or plantation into a blasted, blackened heath, or scene of devastation familiar in wartime. And it is a miracle that at such a time any common or plantation survives the utter carelessness of the passing motorist or the "gent from town" who picnics or rambles in the country at week-ends, and kills by callous indifference the things he affects to love and which the country folk genuinely love.

THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

THE INDUSTRIOUS LEA VALLEY

A Survey of the Area by JOHN MAY

WITH DRAWINGS BY W. P. ROBINS

THE FLIGHT OF NARRIMAN AND HER MOTHER FROM ROME TO GENEVA

EX-QUEEN NARRIMAN GOES TO SWITZERLAND WITH HER MOTHER, LEAVING BEHIND EX-KING FAROUK AND HER SON, PRINCE FUAD: The ex-Queen seen with her mother when they reached Geneva from Rome. Madame Sadek declared: "We have left Rome for always. We will never go back. The Queen has definitely left her husband."

Ex-Queen Narriman, whose marriage to Farouk provided one of the most extraordinary stories which have emerged from Cairo since the war, involving as it did the abandonment of her engagement to a young diplomat in favour of a dynasty-founding match with the King, has fled from Rome to Geneva. The irrevocability of her decision to leave Farouk has been firmly stated, and the reasons for that decision are said to have been purely private. Under Muslim law she has the custody of her child until it is seven years old, and this may indeed prove a trump-card in her hand. Last Monday, in an open letter published in the Rome newspaper *Il Messagero*, Farouk made a plea to his wife in the following terms: "Oh, Narriman, whatever they [Egypt's present rulers] may say or do, take courage if you want to return to me and remember always that I love our baby and must always have love for you because there is a part of your blood and of your spirit in him." Narriman Sadek, who was seventeen years of age at the time of her marriage to Farouk, the Egyptian King, in April 1951, is the daughter of the late Hussein Fahmy Sadek Bey, at one time Egypt's Secretary-General of Communications. King Farouk was divorced in November 1948 from his first wife, the ex-Queen Farida, whom he had married in 1938 and by whom he had had three daughters.

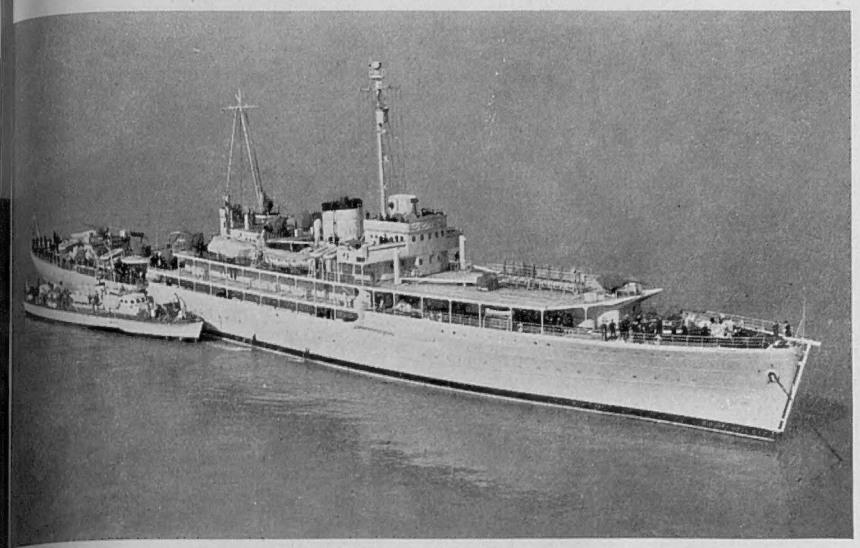
A TEA-TIME CALL AT THE WHITE HOUSE TO SEE THE NEW PRESIDENT

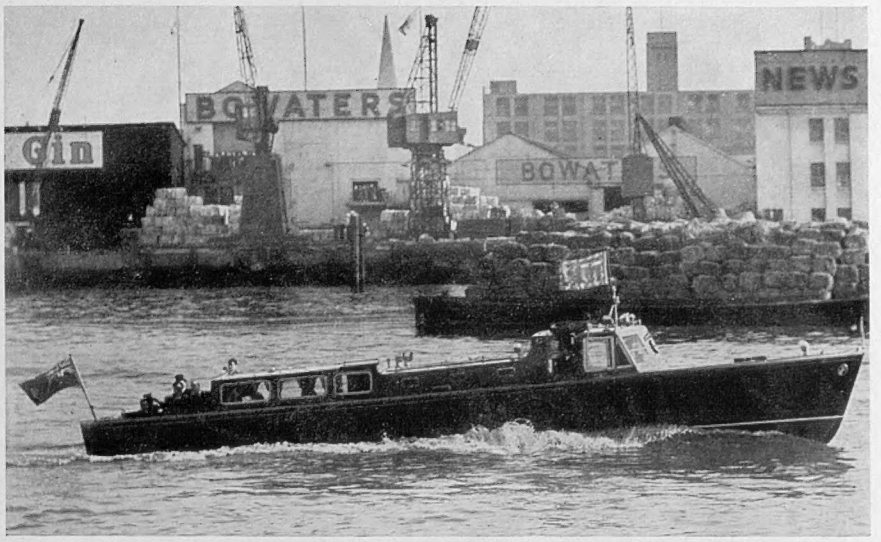
MADAME CHIANG KAI-SHEK IS ENTERTAINED BY PRESIDENT AND MRS. EISENHOWER: The wife of the Chinese Nationalist Generalissimo seen with the President and his wife during her visit to the White House. Madame Chiang Kai-shek was accompanied on her tea-time visit by General and Mrs. Walter Bedell Smith and Dr. V. K. Wellington Koo, Chinese Ambassador to the United States, and Mrs. Koo. On the same day other callers at the White House included (in addition to American officials) Mr. Anthony Eden, Britain's Foreign Secretary; ex-Ambassador Lewis Douglas, and Mr. James C. Dunn, the United States Ambassador to Spain.

MARSHAL TITO ARRIVES IN LONDON

THE YUGOSLAV PRESIDENT GREETED BY THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT WESTMINSTER PIER

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, WEARING FOR THE FIRST TIME THE UNIFORM OF ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET, ACCOMPANIES MARSHAL TITO AS THE PRESIDENT INSPECTS THE ROYAL NAVAL GUARD OF HONOUR ON DISEMBARKING AT WESTMINSTER: Sailors with fixed bayonets provided the guard, and a Royal Marines band was there in ceremonial dress as Marshal Tito stepped ashore at the start of his five-day visit. Later the pavements in Whitehall were lined with great crowds to see Tito drive to No. 10, Downing Street with Mr. Churchill, and also when he emerged to lay a wreath on the Cenotaph. There were cheers for Tito at the Cenotaph, but not at Westminster Pier.





THE YUGOSLAV TRAINING-SHIP "GALEB" (*left*), IN WHICH MARSHAL TITO SAILED FROM THE MEDITERRANEAN TO THE THAMES AND, AFTER HALTING IN THE ESTUARY, CAME UP THE THAMES TO GREENWICH LAST MONDAY, THEREAFTER JOURNEYING TO WESTMINSTER IN THE P.L.A. LAUNCH "NORE" (*right*): Fog over the Estuary on Monday morning delayed the start on the last stage of the journey to London, and the *Galeb* had to stay at her anchorage between Sheerness and Southend for almost two hours beyond the scheduled time of departure. As the fog slowly lifted four British naval patrol boats took over the escort duties and kept shipping away. At the same time a great security barrier was put into force along the riverside as the *Galeb* began to nose her way up-stream. A special force of river police boats patrolled the Thames, giving warning to the river traffic, and the bridges were kept clear of traffic and of people as the *Nore* took him up-stream to the reception at Westminster.

MARSHAL TITO LOOKS OUT ON THE SUNLIT WATERS OF THE THAMES AT GREENWICH AFTER TRANSFERRING FROM THE "GALEB" TO THE CEREMONIAL LAUNCH OF THE PORT OF LONDON AUTHORITY: The Yugoslav leader seen as he neared the end of his journey. The early-morning mists had swiftly left the river, and by the time Tito reached Greenwich in the early afternoon the sun was pouring down from a cloudless sky. Marshal Tito could not have seen the capital under more favourable conditions.

THE FIRST DUTIES OF THE FIVE-DAY STAY IN LONDON: *Left*—Marshal Tito shaking hands with Mr. Churchill, the Prime Minister, as they stood before the fireplace in No. 10 Downing Street. Accompanying Tito on his visit was Mr. K. Popovic, who is Yugoslavia's Foreign Minister. *Right*—Marshal Tito, assisted by two Yugoslav officers, lays a wreath on the Cenotaph in memory of Britain's war dead. Considerable crowds of homeward-bound London workers gathered to watch the ceremony at the Cenotaph.

STALIN'S FUNERAL

A PICTORIAL RECORD OF THE EVENTS OF MARCH 9, 1953, WHEN RUSSIA'S DICTATOR WAS LAID TO REST BESIDE LENIN IN RED SQUARE

THE KREMLIN WALLS WERE BANKED WITH FLOWERS, THE TRIBUTES OF THE SOVIET WORLD AND OF THE DIPLOMATIC REPRESENTATIVES OF THE NATIONS TO MARMARSHAL STALIN: Crowds thronging the Red Square to examine the wreaths after Stalin had been laid to rest beside Lenin in the mausoleum, which is seen in the background on the right.

"LA PASSIONARIA" IN THE HALL OF COLUMNS, WHERE STALIN LAY IN STATE: Dolores Ibbaruri, who in the Spanish Civil War was one of the most publicised figures in the battle against Franco, seen as she paid her last respects to Stalin. Dolores was once a Deputy of the Spanish Cortes. Her husband was a miner near Bilbao, and while she was fighting her verbal battles before the Civil War, her children were sent to Moscow to be educated.

Just after 2 a.m. in the early hours of Monday March 9, the long line of mourners which had passed ceaselessly through the Hall of Columns in Moscow was brought to an end.

Stalin's body had lain in state embowered amid flowers and palms since 4 p.m. on the previous Friday, and in the intervening days and nights tens of thousands of Russians had passed through the Hall to pay their last tributes. Some of them had come from far afield, flying in from Siberia and the remote Republics in the Asian hinterland; others were from the satellite States, the bastions of the Soviet Commonwealth in Eastern Europe, but by far the greatest number were from Moscow and the cities within striking distance of the capital.

After the closing of the Hall of Columns, the body of Stalin lay with an often-changing honour guard of friends, close associates and relatives of the dead leader, until the time came in the morning for the procession to the Red Square, lying only two blocks distant from the Hall.

In the Red Square itself places were allotted to distinguished State representatives, like Chou-en Lai, President and Foreign Minister of China, chiefs of Eastern European States, including Klement Gottwald, destined in only a few days to be struck down, and representatives of the Soviet Union's neighbours, like Finland, Afghanistan and Iran. Among the foreign Communist leaders were Harry Pollitt, of England, and Palmiro Togliatti, of Italy.

Chopin's Funeral March was played as the pall-bearers, for the most part the new leaders of Russia, headed by Malenkov and accompanied by Vassily Stalin, lifted the coffin from the bier and bore it out to the gun-carriage.

Then past the rows of garrison troops and the silent crowds the cortège took its way to the mausoleum beneath the Kremlin wall. Stalin's coffin, with its drape of red for revolution and black for death, was carried within the mausoleum, from whose podium Stalin had countless times taken the salute on days of revolutionary holiday. It was there, indeed, that Stalin stood on the fabulous Day of Victory in 1945 when the Red Army paraded in triumph before him, flinging shattered banners and standards of the German Armies at his feet.

The moment of Stalin's committal was the signal for all transport in the Soviet Union to come to a halt. Trains, trucks, buses, private cars, moving staircases and lifts all stopped for five minutes. Guns roared out in salute, not only over Stalin's body in the Red Square but in all the capitals of the Soviet Republics and in some other cities as well. It was also ordered that every whistle in every factory and on every railway locomotive and on every ship should roar out a final farewell chorus to Stalin. Thus Russia said to her departed leader, "*Proshai Oteytz*"—"Farewell Father"—and over the tomb the new leaders, Malenkov, Beria and Molotov, pronounced their own personal farewells and called on their people for unity and solidarity.

A DELEGATION FROM THE RUSSIAN ORTHODOX CHURCH: Leading members of the faith seen in the Hall of Columns, where they stood by the body of Stalin as it lay in its open coffin. On the left is the Patriarch Alexius of Moscow and All Russia. When Stalin received the Metropolitan Sergius in 1943, giving him permission to call a Holy Synod, the Soviet State acknowledged for the first time the Russian Orthodox Church. Sergius died in 1944 and Alexius, who was decorated for his courage in the siege of Leningrad, took his place as Patriarch of Moscow and All Russia.

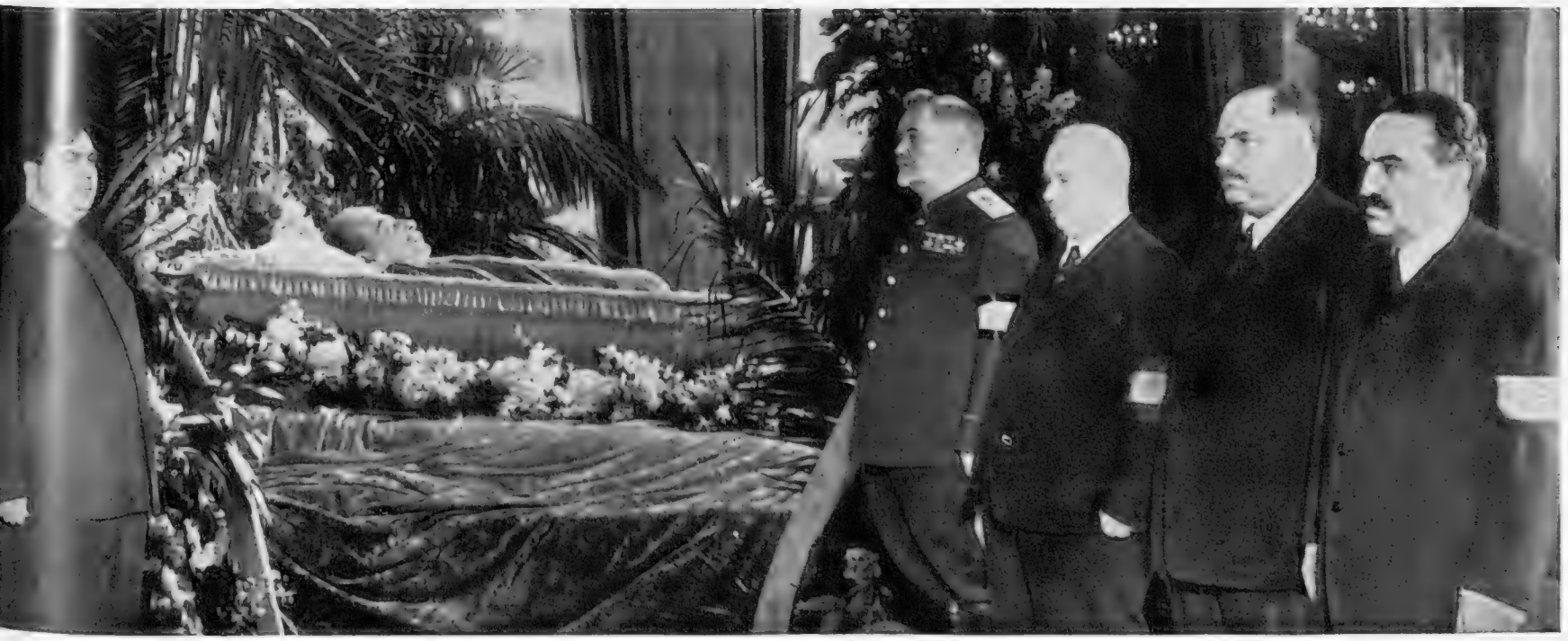
BENEATH THE SHADOW OF THE KREMLIN WALLS—THE GUN-CARRIAGE BEARING THE COFFIN FROM THE LYING-IN-STATE IN THE HALL OF COLUMNS TO THE MAUSOLEUM IN RED SQUARE: Officers of the Red Army and two guards with rifles poised marched beside the draped coffin in which was enclosed the body of Stalin. Immediately behind the gun-carriage walked the new leader of Russia, Georgi Malenkov, in company with Marshal Voroshilov, the newly-proclaimed President, Vassily Stalin, Marshal Bulganin, the Defence Minister, and Molotov, the Foreign Minister. On Malenkov's left hand was the representative of Communist China, and beside him, Beria.

THE COFFIN IS BORNE FROM THE HALL OF COLUMNS AND THE HOUSE OF UNIONS INTO THE STREETS OF MOSCOW: The chief pall-bearers were Malenkov (left foreground) and Beria (right foreground). Behind Malenkov was Stalin's son Vassily, with Molotov and Marshal Bulganin behind him in turn. Stalin's military cap surmounted the black and red drapes.

BRITISH COMMUNISTS ATTENDED THE LYING-IN-STATE: Harry Pollitt, Secretary of the Communist Party in Britain, standing between Peter Kerrigan (left), a member of the Executive of the British Communist Party, and one of the Red Guards as they looked their last on the Soviet leader.

Below—

THE LEADERS OF THE NEW RUSSIA POSE BESIDE THE FIGURE OF THE DEAD LEADER—AN HISTORIC PICTURE WHICH GIVES EVIDENCE OF THE RELATIVE STATUS OF THE MEMBERS OF THE NEW HIERARCHY: On the left of the bier stand Georgi Malenkov, Lavrenti Beria, Marshal Voroshilov and Molotov. On the right of the bier are Marshal Bulganin, N. S. Kruschev, Lazar Moiseyevich Kaganovitch and Mr. Mikoyan. Voroshilov, the seventy-two-year-old wartime hero and former Minister of War, was one of Stalin's closest friends. Now he becomes President of the U.S.S.R. Kruschev is one of the ten members of the new Præsidium. Kaganovitch is the only Jew in the Kremlin to-day. He is the new Deputy Premier and one of the diehards who gave unswerving allegiance to Stalin.



FROM MOSCOW, PRAGUE, LONDON AND NEWARK, N.J.

Some Varied Aspects of the News, Which in Recent Days Has Been Much Concerned with Activities in the Communist World

Пролетарии всех стран, соединяйтесь!

Коммунистическая партия Советского Союза

ПРАВДА

Орган Центрального Комитета Коммунистического партии Советского Союза

№ 65 (12633) Пятница, 6 марта 1953 года ЦЕНА 20 КОП.

5 марта в 9 час. 50 минут вечера после тяжелой болезни скончался Председатель Совета Министров Союза ССР и Секретарь Центрального Комитета Коммунистической партии Советского Союза Иосиф Виссарионович СТАЛИН.

Бессмертное имя СТАЛИНА всегда будет жить в сердцах советского народа и всего прогрессивного человечества.

ОТ ЦЕНТРАЛЬНОГО КОМИТЕТА КОММУНИСТИЧЕСКОЙ ПАРТИИ СОВЕТСКОГО СОЮЗА, СОВЕТА МИНИСТРОВ СОЮЗА ССР И ПРЕЗИДИУМА ВЕРХОВНОГО СОВЕТА СССР

Ко всем членам партии, ко всем трудящимся Советского Союза.

HOW "PRAVDA" BROKE THE NEWS OF THE DEATH OF MARSHAL STALIN: This upper section of the black-bordered front page of *Pravda*, official newspaper organ of the Communist Party in Russia, shows the announcement of the leader's death. The headlines were couched in official terms, followed by the words, "The deathless name of Stalin will always live in the hearts of the Soviet people and all progressive humanity."

THE PASSING OF KLEMENT GOTTWALD, CZECHOSLOVAKIA'S COMMUNIST PRESIDENT, WHO WAS TAKEN SERIOUSLY ILL AFTER RETURNING FROM STALIN'S FUNERAL: Mr. Gottwald, who was fifty-six, died after two days' illness from pleurisy and pneumonia, which he had presumably contracted while in Moscow. National mourning was proclaimed throughout Czechoslovakia immediately after Mr. Gottwald's death, and the President's body lay in state in the Spanish Hall of the Castle at Prague. Gottwald was a Moscow-trained Communist who from the first set himself against the democratic State created by Masaryk and Benes. Gottwald often had troubles within his own party, and it was in order to bolster up his own position he decided to sacrifice his old friend Slansky, who, with thirteen other conspirators, was arraigned. Eleven were executed.

THE UNKEMPT GRAVE OF KARL MARX AS IT APPEARS ON THE SEVENTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS DEATH: This grave, commemorating the father of modern Communism, is in Highgate, North London, and in it are also buried Marx's wife, Jenny Westphalen, their grandson Harry and another member of the family. March 14 was the seventieth anniversary of Marx's death in London. He was born in Treves, Germany, of Jewish origin, and was educated at the Universities of Bonn and Berlin, where he studied history and philosophy. From 1843-45 Marx was in Paris, engaged in literary work, and there formed his lifelong friendship with Engels. Expelled from Paris as a dangerous person, he settled in Brussels, where, with Engels, he drew up the manifesto of the Communist Party in 1847. In 1848 Marx returned to Germany to take part in the revolutionary outbreaks of that year, but all the movements ended in failure, and in 1849 he migrated to London, where he spent the rest of his life, and where he took an active part in the direction of the International Working Men's Association

AMERICA BUYS BRITISH MINESWEEPERS FOR THE NORTH ATLANTIC TREATY ORGANISATION: Mr. P. N. N. Synnott, Under-Secretary at the Admiralty, signing the document at the Admiralty in the presence of Admiral Kniskern (left), shipbuilding representative in Europe of the United States Navy; Graeme C. Bannerman (second from left), head of a United States naval contracting team now visiting Britain; and Mr. V. G. Shepherd, Director of Naval Construction at the Admiralty. The contract entered into is for the purchase of inshore minesweepers.

THE GREAT BREWERY EXPLOSION AT NEWARK, NEW JERSEY: This aerial view of the plant of Anheuser-Busch Brewing Company shows firemen at work dealing with the outbreak which followed the explosion. The plant, which contains many fermenting tanks used in the manufacture of beer, was rocked by the blast shortly after noon. Most of the fire equipment in Newark was rushed to the fifteen-storey building. It was found that fourteen men had lost their lives. They were engaged at the time in lining tanks and were suffocated by fumes before help could reach them.

TITO SAILS FOR BRITAIN

The Marshal Leaves Yugoslavia in the Vessel *Galeb*, while Students in Italy Stage Anti-Tito Demonstrations

MARSHAL TITO ON BOARD THE YUGOSLAV WARSHIP "GALEB" BEFORE LEAVING ON HIS VOYAGE TO BRITAIN: The port of embarkation was not officially revealed, but people recognising the mountains in the background of some of the pictures say that it was Hercegnovi, which is a summer resort on the coast of Montenegro.

THE YUGOSLAV LEADER WALKING TO THE VESSEL "GALEB" IN WHICH HE TRAVELLED TO BRITAIN: The officer with Marshal Tito is Vice-Admiral Kerkovic, of the Yugoslav Navy. This is the first time that Marshal Tito has been outside Yugoslavia since he became the head of the State.

For security reasons, Marshal Tito left his country for Britain under a cloud of secrecy, even the name of the port of embarkation being officially a secret. Ships of the Royal Navy provided an escort from Malta onwards, and when his vessel, the *Galeb*, passed through the Straits of Gibraltar, a 21-gun salute was fired and aircraft from the carriers *Eagle*, *Indomitable* and *Theseus* flew overhead.

In Britain his arrival was heralded by considerable controversy, mingled with elaborate arrangements for the proper ceremonial. In Italy his journey was made an excuse for renewed demonstrations for the return of Trieste. Fascists, Communists, Roman Catholics and Yugoslav Royalists found themselves in the novel position of unity, viewing the visit with some distaste.

Careful security arrangements were being made in London for Marshal Tito's visit, but Scotland Yard described reports that the Marshal would travel about in an armoured car as "a little exaggeration."

Luncheon with the Queen, meetings with Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden were among the more important items on his programme.

A YOUNG STUDENT STRUGGLING WITH THE POLICE DURING ANTI-TITO DEMONSTRATIONS IN MILAN: This picture was taken in the public gardens outside the British Consulate, where students were protesting against Marshal Tito's visit to Britain and demanding the return of Trieste to Italy.

A POLICE JEEP IN MILAN DISPERSING STUDENTS WHO WERE STAGING ANTI-TITO DEMONSTRATIONS: It was reported that a lighted torch was flung into the Yugoslav Consulate.

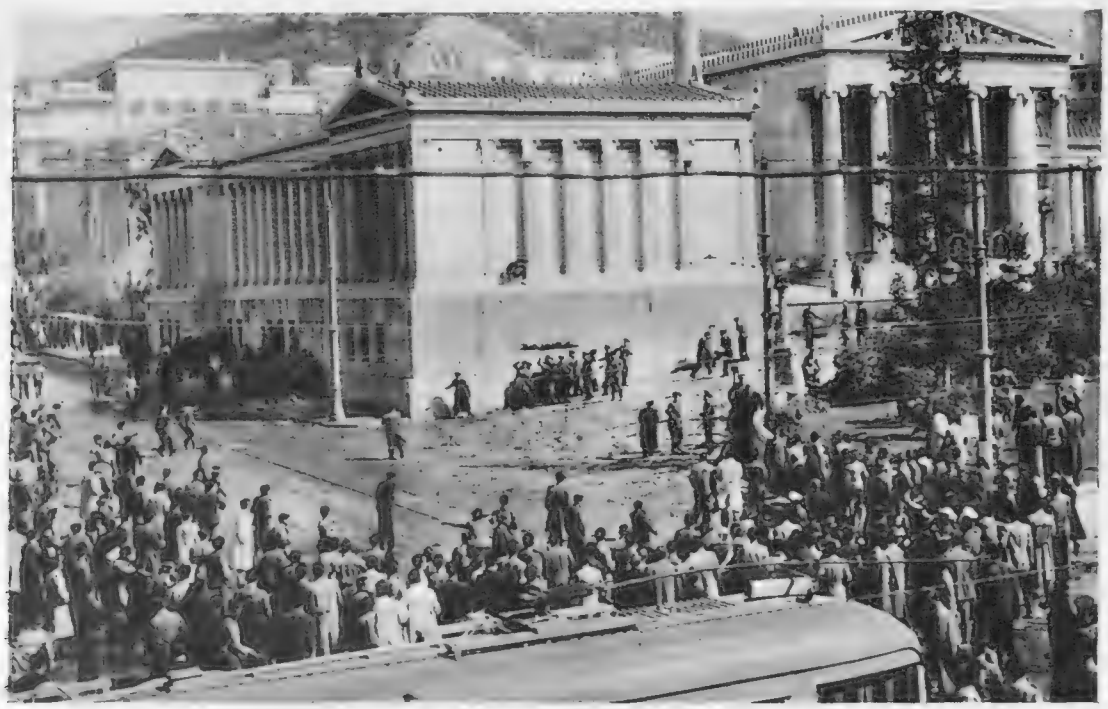
"GIVE US BACK TRIESTE"—LEAFLETS SHOWERING FROM THE OFFICES OF THE NEO-FASCIST M.S.I. HEADQUARTERS IN ROME WHERE DISTURBANCES AGAIN OCCURRED OVER THE PROBLEM OF TRIESTE: Hundreds of secondary schoolboys, led by members of the M.S.I. (the Movimento Sociale Italiano) demonstrated in the centre of the city and later made for the offices of the Communist newspaper *Unita*, where they were met by Communists. A free fight between the two groups quickly developed.

FROM ASIA AND EUROPE

A Pictorial News Survey

SIX MALAYAN TERRORISTS—FIVE WOMEN AND A MAN—FOLLOWING THEIR SURRENDER : They were captured by a patrol of the Malayan Police and the Somerset Light Infantry, and they are seen just after being brought out of the jungle at Kuala Langat. During the engagement which preceded their capture (one of the first undertaken by the Somersets, who are only recent arrivals in Malaya), the commander of the 1st Regiment of the Malayan Races Liberation Army was killed. His name was Lau Cheng, a thirty-two-year-old Hakka Chinese, who was also a member of the Selangor State Committee. Before the emergency Lau Cheng was a correspondent for a Communist newspaper. He was also a member of the Executive Committee of Kuala Lumpur Federation of Trade Unions; his death is regarded as an important success in the war against the Communists.

THE SULTAN OF PERAK, WHO DECIDED TO REPRIEVE LEE MENG. The Sultan, head of the State where Lee Meng was arrested, sought the advice of his Executive Council after he had received a petition signed by British M.P.s, this petition following the news that the Hungarian Government had offered to exchange the British business-man, Edgar Sanders, for Lee Meng. Lee Meng was sentenced to death at her second trial last September for being in unlawful possession of a grenade. At her first trial the judge disagreed with the two Asian assessors—who found her not guilty—and ordered a new trial. The judge and one assessor, a European, agreed on her guilt at the second trial and she was sentenced to death on a majority decision. It is understood that the Perak Executive Council had before it appeals for clemency not only from a group of more than fifty British M.P.s, but also the Malayan Chinese Association and several other organisations. Mr. Churchill, speaking in the House of Commons, said that there could be no question of bartering human life or of deflecting the course of justice or mercy in Malaya for the sake of securing the release of a British subject unjustly imprisoned in Hungary.



STUDENTS AND POLICE CLASH IN FRONT OF THE ATHENS UNIVERSITY BUILDING : As is so often the case, the clash was over the age-old question of the adhesion of Cyprus to Greece, and it was organised by the Students' Committee for Cypriot Struggle as a protest against the refusal of the United Nations Assembly to enter the Cypriot question on the agenda. The demonstration started very quietly in the Athens University Square. After a few fiery speeches the situation got out of hand when some students—said to be Communists—suggested going to the various Embassies. When police tried to stop them the Communist students started throwing stones and sticks. The fire brigade turned up and stopped the riot by using their hoses. Twenty-three students and forty-five policemen were injured. In 1948 the British Government offered Cyprus a constitution with internal autonomy—though prohibiting any change of her status within the Commonwealth. The islanders rejected the notion, being obstinate in their desire to amalgamate with Greece, even though that country is 500 miles away.

On right—

THE RUSSIAN MIG 15 JET FIGHTER WHICH LANDED MYSTERIOUSLY AT RONNE AIRFIELD, ON THE DANISH-OWNED BALTIC ISLAND OF BORNHOLM, IS TRANSPORTED IN THREE WOODEN BOXES AND UNDER SECRECY TO COPENHAGEN AND THENCE TO A SECRET DESTINATION : The plane had been taken to the Danish mainland and then transported under a Danish Marine and Air Force guard to the capital, where it is to be held while the Danish Government conduct an inquiry. Poland has also been told that some time must elapse before the release of the jet fighter, as the circumstances of the landing of the fighter and of the Polish pilot who has appealed for political asylum have to be carefully examined. It is further stated that the plane carried live ammunition and that a camera was fitted in the nose.

WORK IN PROGRESS ON THE MIGHTY MONUMENT TO EVITA PERON: A group of the shirtless ones, headed by President Peron, seen in the great workyard at Carrara, Italy, where it is being fashioned by the sculptor Leone Tommasi as part of the dazzling white marble monument to the President's wife, who died last year. *On left*—The figure of Evita Peron, the focal-point of the monument which is to be placed in front of the Palazzo Fundacion in Buenos Aires. The figure is about 24 ft. high. Also in the massive group will be flanking statues of celebrated figures in Argentine history. There will also be a group showing Evita surrounded by women and children. One of the completed statuary groups has already been sent on its way out to Argentina.

THE CLOSEST THING TO PROFANITY IN JAPANESE NEARLY BRINGS DOWN THE GOVERNMENT: Members of the Lower House of the Japanese Parliament passing the tellers as they recorded their votes following the censure debate. The cause of the vote of censure against the Prime Minister, Mr. Yoshida, was his use of the word "bakyaro" in replying to a member of one of the Opposition parties, who urged him to make a statement, but not with the voice of Eisenhower or Churchill. To this the Premier retorted in no uncertain manner, using the word meaning "fool" or "stupid idiot." Apparently this word is the most violent available in the Japanese language. The motion was carried by 191 to 162, many of Mr. Yoshida's usual supporters abstaining.

On left—HE LIVES TO FIGHT ANOTHER DAY: Yoshida seen after the vote of censure which was moved by his political opponents after he had called a Socialist member, Mr. Nishimura, a "stupid idiot."

PANDIT NEHRU, THE INDIAN PREMIER, PRESENTING SOME OF THE PRIZES OF THE INTERNATIONAL CHILDREN'S COMPETITION: Through the Delhi representatives of their countries prizes will go to children as far apart as Argentina and Czechoslovakia, Indonesia and Afghanistan.

THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR IN DELHI ATTENDING THE PRIZE-GIVING CEREMONY OF AN INTERNATIONAL CHILDREN'S COMPETITION: Mr. Chester Bowles and Mrs. Bowles, who is dressed in an Indian sari, sitting on either side of a chair full of prizes won by American children in an annual international competition for children organised by the celebrated Indian humorous journal, *Shankar's Weekly*, which is published in Delhi.

Children in countries all over the world won prizes in the Indian *Shankar's Weekly* competition, and their prizes will be delivered to them through their countries' Ambassadors in India. There were fifteen prize-winners in this country, and in April the Indian High Commissioner in London will leave for Eire, where he will distribute the prizes won by children there. Winning drawings, short stories and poems by children entering the competition will go on tour in India, and it is hoped that the exhibition will be able to start on an international tour at the end of the year. Shankar, of *Shankar's Weekly*, is India's premier cartoonist, whose political satires are relished throughout the sub-continent. His international children's competition was begun four years ago and has been a marked success.

THIS WAS A SINGLE DAY'S INTAKE IN THE REFUGEE FLOOD BETWEEN EAST GERMANY AND WEST BERLIN: Refugees from the Russian Zone seen in a West Berlin factory which had to be hastily requisitioned for their accommodation, the eighty-five camps being full. During February 41,000 refugees sought sanctuary in the West, a large proportion of them being young people, this being more than the combined total for December and January. So great has been the influx that arrangements for flying the refugees to the West have been stepped up, the chief airlines having given an undertaking that they will increase the number of flights.

Berlin's Flood-tide of Refugees

A Mighty Influx from East Germany Creates a Vast Problem for the City, and a Factory has to be Requisitioned when the Camps Become Full

It is a strange thought that accommodation in much-blitzed West Berlin is easy to obtain and is by no means expensive, but that the eighty-five camps in the Western sectors are so badly overcrowded that factories have had to be requisitioned to deal with the influx of more and yet more refugees. The West Berlin authorities have sealed this refugee stream off from the everyday life of the city, and meanwhile they are making every effort to deal with the human flood-tide in as humane a way as possible. The alarming increase in the number of refugees during February was probably due to the rumour that March 1 would mark the imposition by the East German authorities of new restrictions in inter-sector and inter-zonal traffic—in fact, the complete sealing of West Berlin from the Soviet world. This rumour did not prove true, but the refugees have continued to flood in, many of them young people, for the most part, farmers, shopkeepers and artisans. The number coming in has been increasing much faster than the number flown out. Apart from flying out the refugees, there is the growing problem of dispersal in West German Federal territory.

REFUGEES WASH OUT THE FAMILY CLOTHES IN COMMUNAL TUBS OUTSIDE THE BERLIN FACTORY REQUISITIONED FOR THEM: After questioning by the Berlin authorities the refugees are allowed to proceed to the West, where their presence inevitably creates vast problems for the Land Governments, who will no doubt have to make space for the refugees by special decree. West Germany already has 1,800,000 refugees.

WAITING TEN ABREAST TO HAND IN THEIR APPLICATIONS FOR POLITICAL ASYLUM: Refugees lining up in West Berlin shortly after their arrival in the city. It has been estimated that the influx of refugees for the year 1953 may reach the figure of 800,000.

DISASTER
IN HARBOUR AND AT SEA

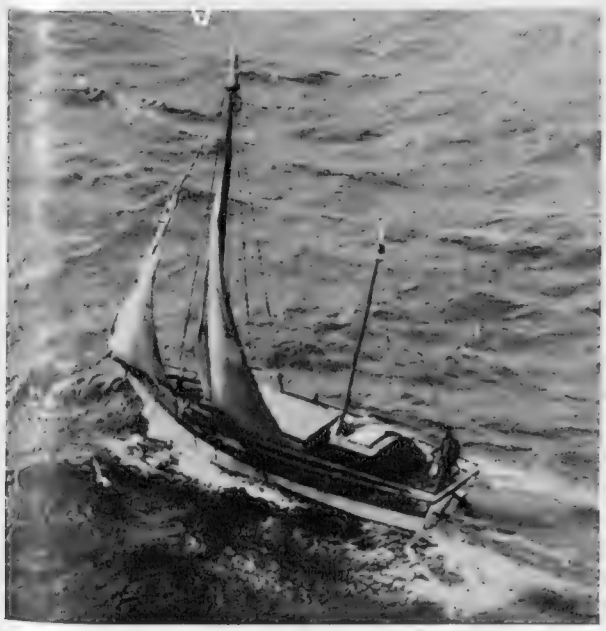
A U.S. Naval Tanker and an Italian Passenger Ship in Collision in the Bay of Suez Harbour; Egypt's Naval Disaster: A Ketch in Difficulty Off N.-W. Australia

THE COLLISION IN THE BAY OF SUEZ HARBOUR BETWEEN A UNITED STATES NAVAL TANKER AND AN ITALIAN PASSENGER SHIP: *Left*—The damaged bow of the American ship *Cowanesque* and, *on right*, a view of the gaping rent in the *Toscanini's* starboard bulkhead after the collision. The Italian ship was later anchored in Suez Bay pending the conclusion of investigations being conducted by Suez authorities. One member of the *Toscanini's* crew was killed as the result of the collision, and four others were injured. The *Cowanesque* operates with the United States Military Sea Transportation Service.

THE POLISH CARGO-SHIP "CZECH" AT ALEXANDRIA: When she reached the Egyptian port the sixty-two men rescued from the *Sollum* were taken off in launches and transferred to the former Royal yacht *Mahroussa*, anchored near the Raseltin Palace.

On left—

THE BLACK-DRAPED PORTRAIT OF MARSHAL STALIN IN THE CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS OF THE POLISH CARGO-SHIP "CZECH" WHICH WENT TO THE AID OF THE STRICKEN EGYPTIAN NAVAL PATROL SHIP "SOLLUM" ABOUT 12 MILES FROM ALEXANDRIA: The loss of the *Sollum*, which sank during a gale with the loss of fifty-three lives, constituted Egypt's worst naval disaster for 127 years. Sixty-two officers and men, including the commander of the *Sollum*, Captain Abd el Raouf Gharbo, were rescued by the *Czech*, which answered the call for help while standing off Alexandria after being unable to enter the port owing to heavy seas. The *Czech* was about two miles from the *Sollum* when the stricken ship sent out an S.O.S. and within an hour was able to rescue the sixty-two men.



THE DISABLED KETCH "SEAGULL" ADRIFT IN SHARK-INFESTED WATERS OFF THE ROCK-STREWN NORTH-WEST COAST OF AUSTRALIA: In the picture *on the left* twenty-four-year-old Strahinja Stojanovic, skipper of the disabled ketch, is seen on board as an R.A.A.F. Neptune bomber flew overhead in an attempt to drop life-jackets and food to the vessel. Stojanovic jumped from the ketch to pick up a food parcel dropped from the aircraft but failed to reach it and then found that he could not return to the ship. He then swam ashore and, badly bruised, told his rescuers that the *Seagull's* sails had been blown out, the tiller broken and that the auxiliary engine had gone dead. Before his rescue Stojanovic had drifted alone for four days without food and with little water. The *Seagull's* seventeen-year-old mate swam ashore when the ketch first got into difficulties, and walked 17 miles in search of help. Later a rescue party set out to help the skipper, directed by the Neptune aircraft.

THE QUEEN EXAMINES A PAINTING BY WINTERHALTER OF THE ROYAL FAMILY IN 1846: This is one of the outstanding items in the Coronation Exhibition which opened last week in the Royal Academy's Diploma Gallery and which will continue until June 28. The Winterhalter is a picture very much in the grand manner of Court painting. Winterhalter, who was born in the Black Forest and settled as a young man at the Court of the Grand Duke Leopold at Carlsruhe, visited all the chief European capitals, and became famous for his portraits of Royalty. They were marked by great elegance, but most critics have said that they lack true artistic ability. The present exhibition consists of paintings of every British Sovereign and many of their consorts, from Richard II to the present day. The Queen has herself lent fifty works from the Royal Collection for this remarkable display. Of the modern portraits in the exhibition perhaps the most outstanding is that of Edward VII by Cope.

THE QUEEN AND THE WINTERHALTER

ROYALTY IN PARIS AND IN CAIRO

KING PAUL PAYS A CALL ON THE FRENCH PRESIDENT: The King of the Hellenes, accompanied by Princess George of Greece, as they arrived at the Elysee Palace to take lunch with President Vincent Auriol. King Paul has been paying a personal visit to the French capital.

A PICTURE WHICH MAY HAVE A STRONG SIGNIFICANCE: General Neguib, the Egyptian dictator, seen with Princess Faika, third sister of ex-King Farouk, during the opening ceremony at an anti-tuberculosis centre in Cairo. The slim and charming Princess has for long taken an interest in public work in Egypt. This is the first picture to be seen of recent months of General Neguib with a member of ex-King Farouk's family.

THE MODERN BUS TERMINAL IN THE SHADOW OF THE OLD POTTERY WORKS AT LONGTON: The mining of coal and ironstone, brewing and malting, are among the industries in addition to pottery in this district of Stoke-on-Trent, which was once a municipal borough in its own right. Longton grew immensely in the last twenty years of the nineteenth century, its population rising from 18,000 to 35,000. Longton is celebrated for the porcelain associated by ceramic connoisseurs with the name of the Longton Hall Pottery, founded by William Littler in the eighteenth century.

A FIVE TOWNS PILGRIMAGE

Life in the Pottery Towns, Which Have Achieved Unity Under the Name of Stoke-on-Trent, But Have Not Lost the Individuality so Richly Conveyed in the Writings of Arnold Bennett

By PHIL DRABBLE, with Drawings by JACK MERRIOTT

Times have changed since Arnold Bennett wrote his tales of the Five Towns—"Clayhanger," "Hilda Lessways," "Leonora," and "Helen with the High Hand"—but the Five Towns themselves have, on the whole, been resistant to change for change's sake, and in their homeliness and sense of hospitality the people are as endearing as any in the whole stretch of the hospitable North Country. Phil Drabble, whose book on Staffordshire has been one of the outstanding contributions to the County Series, describes in this article the aspect of the Five Towns to-day, Stoke-upon-Trent, Hanley, Burslem, Tunstall, Longton and Fenton, which were federated in 1910 into one county borough, and later in the century became the City of Stoke-on-Trent. The Five Towns, it will be seen, are really six, and it is hard also not to exclude from the overall picture the municipal borough of Newcastle-under-Lyme, which, individual in its civic life though it is, yet forms part of the great urban industrial area in Northern Staffordshire.

ANY city of 275,000 souls is entitled to its civic pride. Yet the pride of Stoke-on-Trent must be mainly the pride of achievement, pride in the wondrous beauty of its china, ceaselessly pupating from stark potteries.

The city itself perpetuates the unplanned drabness of the Industrial Revolution that spawned it. No stranger, passing through, would know that it is not one town at all, but the coupling of six by an Act of Union in 1910. There is no break in the monotony of endless rows of houses, no glimmer of variety, to hint that this town has ceased and that begun. And a stranger familiar with the works of Arnold Bennett (and who is not?) would in any case search for five towns, not six; for Stoke, Hanley, Burslem, Longton and Tunstall, but not for Fenton.

The whole district has been famous for its pottery for centuries. As long ago as 1660 an Act was passed regulating the size of butter pots which were produced by cottage craftsmen in the whole chain of villages, which had achieved prosperity because of the lucky chance of coal so near to suitable clay.

Josiah Wedgwood was the man, above all others, who was responsible for sowing the seeds of this great industry. He was born in 1730 into a family who already earned their living as potters, and, as was common in his time, he began work at nine as an apprentice to his brother. A delicate child, who suffered pain from a leg which he had to have amputated in his thirties, he worked from daylight to dusk, until it seems incredible that he could distil any beauty from his world. Yet, after years of serving others, he joined the great Thomas Whieldon as partner at Fenton Low. And then, in 1759, he set up a tiny business of his own at Burslem.

Fashion at that time did not envisage pottery as tableware. There was nothing between the gold and silver or porcelain of nobility and the wooden or pewter trenchers of common man. Wedgwood studied classical art and began such a series of experiments in clay

(*Continued on following page*)

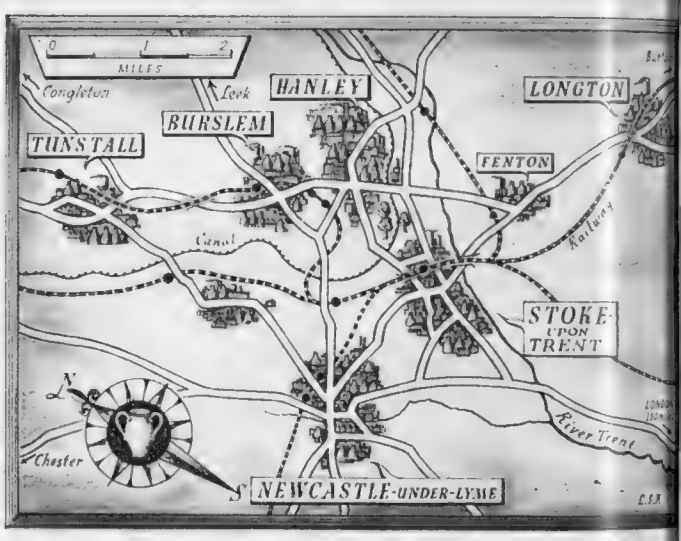
HUMBLE DWELLINGS FACING THE MINE WORKINGS AND THE GREAT SLAG-TIP AT BURSLEM: This "town" has sometimes been called "the Mother of the Potteries," for there pottery manufacture was established about the year 1644. Burslem was the birthplace of Josiah Wedgwood, who became the master potter of Burslem and later the Queen's potter.

A FIVE TOWNS PILGRIMAGE

A UNIQUE ROW OF SEVEN BOTTLE OVENS AT TUNSTALL: They are on the property of Wedgwood Brothers. Tunstall has several claims to fame, not least as a centre of earthenware and brick manufacture. The familiar bottle ovens will in time disappear from the Staffordshire scene, because the modern tendency is to make conveyer-type electric and gas-fired furnaces.

CATTLE GRAZING IN TRENTHAM PARK, STOKE-ON-TRENT: Trentham was formerly the estate of the Dukes of Sutherland. Trentham Gardens, praised to the skies by Lord Beaconsfield, are a great popular resort. Trentham Hall was pulled down in 1910.

THE SHOPPING CENTRE AT HANLEY: This was the most populous of the Five Towns at the time of the merger with Stoke-upon-Trent. Hanley was made a borough in 1857, having developed enormously with the growth of the pottery industry. Hanley has quite a group of notable public buildings of which to boast.



THE AREA OF THE FIVE TOWNS: This sketch-map shows the relationship of Tunstall, Burslem, Hanley, Fenton and Longton, which are now linked with Stoke-upon-Trent, the six forming the City of Stoke-on-Trent. The differentiation in name does not appear to be very vital, but Staffordshire folk keep it constantly in mind, for there are healthy local rivalries still existing.

(*Continued from previous page*)

mixtures and processes that his experiment books contained records of 10,000 trials.

He built a great factory at Etruria on an estate he bought in 1766, he mechanised it with one of the historic steam engines made by his friend James Watt, he backed the cutting of the Trent and Mersey Canal, and was a friend of James Brindley, its engineer.

Success crowned his enterprise. Royalty commissioned his wares; he even exported a service of almost 1,000 pieces for the Empress Catherine of Russia. His factory brought great material prosperity, but one of his proudest achievements was an exact copy of the Portland Vase which had been excavated near Rome a century-and-a-half before and eventually came into the possession of the Duke of Portland.

The elevation of coarse pottery to delicate china ware cannot be over-emphasised. It formed demand, the most important spur for any industry. The raw materials for supply were close at hand; clay and coal to fire it. And the Industrial Revolution coincided to provide cheap power and cheap labour.

Villages spread into towns, and the towns grew like an unplanned rash. The population was swelled by an influx of peasants dispossessed by enclosure, and the birthrate rose with prosperity. Six villages became towns. And the towns grew and erupted until the whole area was swathed in houses and pits and pot banks hung over with a pall of never-ending smoke.

THIS WAS THE BIRTHPLACE OF ENOCH ARNOLD BENNETT IN HOPE STREET, HANLEY : Over the door of this snack-shop is a commemorative plaque recording the birth of the great novelist in 1867. It was in 1902 that *Anna of the Five Towns* introduced to the world the series of novels with the Potteries as background. Bennett went to school at Newcastle-under-Lyme.

Techniques improved. "Slip-ware," the primitive decoration of a superimposed "slip" of light clay on a darker background, gave way to more sophisticated art. Delicate "bone" china replaced coarse pot. The native clay was supplemented by finer products brought all the way from Devon and Cornwall. Illustrious names were added to Wedgwood. Spode and Minton and Copeland and Doulton, names which have stood for quality and beauty ever since. Stoke-on-Trent owes everything to these men; its prosperity and its squalor and its size. But not entirely its fame.

The other great son of the Potteries was Enoch Arnold Bennett, who was born in Hanley in 1867 and was buried in Burslem in 1931. During his life he was a prolific writer and he took the fame of his birthplace to the ends of the earth with his novels about the "Five Towns." Turnhill, Bursley, Knype, Hanbridge and Longshaw he called them, and their disguise was thinly veiled indeed, for Tunstall, Burslem, Stoke, Hanley and Longton. He added humanity to the qualities for which the district was already known.

The whole area is still characterised by its atmosphere of busy homeliness. There is no finery of imposing civic buildings, but a city of shirt-sleeves, where you take pot-luck, because there has never been time for fuss. Because of this the citizens enjoy pleasure seriously. The area is noted for its choirs and its libraries and its technical colleges, and its brass bands.

(*Concluded on following pages*)

THE PANORAMA OF THE POTTERIES—LOOKING FROM FENPARK ROAD IN THE DIRECTION OF STOKE : In this drawing Jack Merriott epitomises much of the desolation which belongs to the North Staffordshire scene, with slag-tips, colliery winding shafts, and the familiar ovens of pottery firms lending individuality, but not enchantment, to the landscape.

On left—

A GAME ABOUT TO BEGIN ON STOKE CITY'S VICTORIA GROUND : The team coming on to the field to the roar of the Stoke crowd. Association football has a mighty following in the Potteries, Stoke providing First League fare. Stoke at the moment occupy a lowly place in the League, but they are outstanding fighters.

THE POTTER AND THE FARMER FACE TO FACE : These are the potteries of W. H. Adams at Greenfields and Greengates. The Adams family owned these lands in the fifteenth century, and they pursued the potter's art while still retaining interest in the land. The pottery was founded by William Adams, who was born in 1772.

A FIVE TOWNS PILGRIMAGE

THE OLD TOWN HALL AT BURSLEM, NOW THE LIBRARY: The new Town Hall is seen on the left in the background. The old Town Hall is surmounted by the angel which was immortalised by Arnold Bennett.

THE TOWN HALL AT STOKE-UPON-TRENT, A BUILDING IN THE MODERN MUNICIPAL MANNER: In 1874 Stoke-upon-Trent received a borough charter, and in 1910 it became part of the county borough, later called the City of Stoke-on-Trent.

THE INTERIOR OF A BOTTLE KILN: Placers can be seen putting the ware in position within the kiln prior to firing by coal.

THE GLEBE COLLIERY AT VICTORIA PLACE, FENTON: The colliery lies in the middle of the town, and in this picture it is seen from the direction of Longton, with the brickworks in the foreground. Fenton is largely dominated by the great slag-heap. The town was originally known as Lane Delph, a most attractive name redolent of the great industry which has grown up in its midst.

THE WORKSHOPS FOR THE BLIND AT FENTON: The City of Stoke takes responsibility for the social welfare of all blind persons residing in the area, also their employment.

THE SCULPTURE GALLERY IN TRENTHAM GARDENS: It was formerly part of Trentham Hall. The formal Italian gardens were laid out by that celebrated gardener, Sir Joseph Paxton.

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Stoke-upon-Trent—the rather ponderous distinction from the whole City of Stoke-on-Trent—has little to attract the visitor. There is the bronze figure of Wedgwood, opposite the railway station, and the Town Hall in Glebe Street, and a covered market with its buskers and its glamour and its stalls, which sell what surely must be the biggest pikelets in the land. Rows of grimy streets are interspersed with pot banks and warehouses, rising storey upon storey, stacked with the most exquisite china. Go into these potteries and it immediately becomes apparent why no one has time for fuss. Whirring potters' wheels, fiery furnaces, delicate-fingered girls, all conspire to conjure such beauty that the dull surroundings fade to their true perspective, to a mere functional cloak. Canals meander between houses and under roads; odd fields and groups of fields appear from nowhere as if they had grown like moss amongst the houses, instead of the reverse.

Folk who work hard, to be successful, must play hard too. And nowhere is football taken more seriously. So much so that Stanley Matthews, "the wizard of dribble" and acknowledged as one of the great footballers of all time, probably enjoyed greater contemporary fame, locally at least, than Bennett and Wedgwood. He joined the ground staff of Stoke City, the second oldest club in the country, at sixteen years old, played for them when he was eighteen, and broke more hearts than a prima donna when he joined Blackpool six years ago. But when the citizens really want to let their hair down, they go just over the boundary, where there is the commercially laid-out Trentham Gardens catering for boisterous good spirits.

There is no apparent division between Stoke and Hanley. They simply merge. But Hanley is a more attractive town. There is a good shopping centre, for one thing, with good-class shops. Odd streets, like Pall Mall and Piccadilly, have character, but they bear little resemblance to the Metropolis. The wrench of surrendering its personality to become a mere district of Stoke-on-Trent must have been agony indeed. Thirty miles to the south, in the Black Country, continual efforts are still being made to swallow and merge the individuality of the smaller towns. But here local patriotism is still too powerful for the planners.

At the time of Union, in 1910, Hanley was larger than Stoke; it included Shelton, where the poet Eligah Fenton was born, whom Pope immortalised on his epitaph by saying he "died of indolence," and it was the birthplace of Bennett. To the stranger it seems odd that Stoke was not merged in Hanley instead of the reverse. But what was once the Town Hall is now the home of the Police and Education Departments.

The other tail which must almost have wagged the dog was Burslem. The home of Wedgwood, the oldest town in the Potteries, it had at one time an annual fair that was famous for miles around. And besides connections with Wedgwood and Sir Oliver Lodge, its

THE CANAL CUTS THROUGH THE HEART OF STOKE-UPON-TRENT AND IS SEEN HERE AT THE POINT WHERE IT PASSES BEHIND STOKE STATION: The part that the canals played in the development of the Potteries was tremendous, providing cheap transport in bulk at a time when, in the absence of railways, every lump of coal had to be dragged along roads never designed for the purpose.

PRICE BROTHERS' POTTERY LOOMS UP BESIDE THE CANAL AT BURSLEM: The familiar outlines of the great ovens are an inevitable part of the scene. Arnold Bennett's ashes were interred at Burslem.

THE MARKET-PLACE AT FENTON, AND RADFORD'S POTTERY WORKS IN THE CENTRE OF FENTON: It is the extraordinary juxtaposition of houses, public buildings, canals and works, not to mention collieries, which makes the Potteries such a place of surprises. Fenton has a fine park, covering seventeen acres.

cemetery contains the ashes of Arnold Bennett. But the finest building in Burslem is the Wedgwood Institute, and when Gladstone opened it in 1863 he said of Wedgwood that he "was the greatest man who ever of any age in any country applied himself to the important work of uniting art with industry." In parts of old Burslem it is still easy to drift back a century-and-a-half to the Industrial Revolution. The sprawl of little houses which had rocketed up haphazard to cope with the unnaturally rapid rise to prosperity is eloquent. The unplanned factories, characteristic with their funnels of pot furnaces, all lie higgledy-piggledy where they have fallen, because everyone has been too busy ever since to tidy them up.

These chimneys, scattered like oast-houses in a phantom hopyard, are disappearing though. Modern tunnel furnaces fired by gas or electricity or oil are replacing the old coal-fired ones which needed big chimneys for draught. So the whole landscape is changing, and soon there will be far fewer chimneys and far less smoke.

So it goes on throughout the Five Towns. Longton, synonymous with fine porcelain, with its good park and with its numberless pot banks, and smoke, is like Fenton next door, which is not included in the Five Towns, but, nevertheless, typical of them.

And, lastly, Tunstall, famous for its potteries, but even more famous for being the birthplace of Methodism. William Clowes and the Bourne brothers, who instigated "camp meetings" in the open air, mammoth mental endurance tests which quickly got into disfavour because they were so emotional. Nevertheless, it was on these rocks that the foundations of Methodism were laid, and it is significant that a community that had so little leisure, so much squalor and yet bowed down on the altar of quality, could still find time for religion.

Now the Five Towns are one. They became the City of Stoke-on-Trent in 1925 and old differences are being forgotten. To the great industry of the Potteries have been added a whole host of subsidiary trades. Colour-makers and oven-builders, makers of stilts and spurs, thimbles and saggars, technical jargon for tools to be sacrificed in the process of creating the major products. Clay has been brought, coal hewed, there are iron industries and tyre works, clerks and bricklayers, brushmakers and furnace-builders, all citizens of this virile young city.

As the local loyalties died they have been replaced by a greater sense of civic responsibility. Fine museums harbour traditions and examples of craftsmanship; libraries have sprung up to keep records and tell the sagas of men who fashioned a great city from a group of puny villages.

Above all that remains is the proud sense of achievement, a consciousness of the peerless china which has carried local names to the corners of the earth. And so it should be. Wedgwood united art with industry. His successors have united science with art until it has become possible to mass-produce masterpieces.

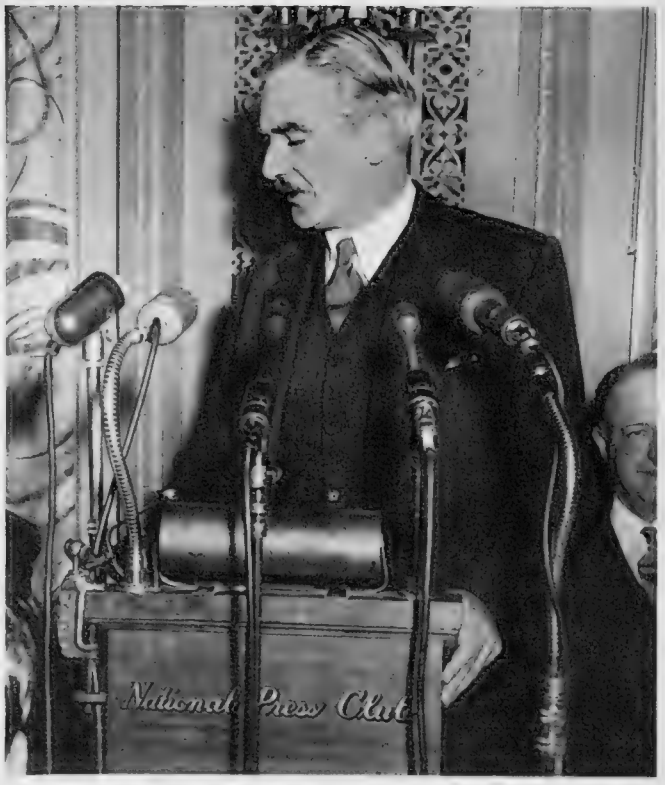
BRITISH STATESMEN IN WASHINGTON

EGYPT'S TRADE AGREEMENTS WITH COMMUNIST COUNTRIES

MR. EDEN, THE FOREIGN SECRETARY, AND MR. BUTLER, THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, ARRIVE IN THE UNITED STATES FOR DISCUSSIONS ON ECONOMIC PROBLEMS : With them on the deck of the liner *Queen Elizabeth* in New York Harbour are Mrs. Eden (left) and Mrs. Butler. The party was met on board by Sir Roger Makins, the British Ambassador, Sir Gladwyn Jebb, the British Permanent Delegate to the United Nations, and Sir Henry Hobson, the Consul-General.

BRITISH AND AMERICAN STATESMEN MEET IN WASHINGTON TO DISCUSS WORLD ECONOMIC PROBLEMS : This picture was taken in the State Department during the visit of Mr. Eden and Mr. Butler. Around the table are (from left to right) Mr. John Foster Dulles, the United States Secretary of State; Mr. Harold Stassen, Mutual Security Director; Mr. Winthrop Aldrich, the American Ambassador to Britain; Mr. Richard Bissell, a consultant to Mr. Stassen; Mr. Harold L. Linder, Assistant Secretary of State; Mr. Lincoln Gordon, Economic Minister at the American Embassy in London; Mr. Gabriel Hauge, Special Assistant to President Eisenhower; Mr. D. H. F. Rickett, Economic Minister at the British Embassy in Washington; Sir Edwin Plowden, Chief Planning Officer of the British Government; Sir Leslie Rowan, Second Secretary of the Treasury; Mr. Butler, Mr. Eden, and Sir Roger Makins, the British Ambassasor.

EGYPT MAKES A TRADE AGREEMENT WITH RUSSIAN-OCCUPIED GERMANY : The Egyptian Foreign Minister, Mahmoud Fawzi, putting his signature to the document when he met members of an East German trade delegation in the Foreign Ministry in Cairo. Under the terms of the agreement the value of the commodities to be exchanged is not to exceed £4,500,000. Egypt has also entered into another trade agreement with Russia, Bulgaria and Poland, by which Egyptian cotton is to be exchanged for 115,000 tons of wheat. These agreements deal in values of over £4,500,000 and the goods are to be transported in Russian ships. This is not the first time that Egypt has made trade agreements of this kind with Russia or her satellite countries.



THE FOREIGN SECRETARY SPEAKING AT THE NATIONAL PRESS CLUB IN WASHINGTON : Both Mr. Eden and Mr. Butler took time off during a busy day of conferences with Mr. Dulles, the Secretary of State, to address the National Press Club at a luncheon given in their honour. At the outset of his speech Mr. Eden asked: "How can the free world stand up to present threats and dangers if it is permanently divided into economic blocs barricading themselves against each other's goods?" The Commonwealth conference, he said, believed that we all had something to contribute to correct this. "Some people think that the difference in productivity between the United States and some other parts of the world makes this prospect illusory. We do not think so. We believe that trade can be developed with advantage and a real balance be established between nations at different stages of technical advance and development. It is a question of finding the mechanism to adjust trade relations. It is a question of division of effort and responsibility."

CONFERRING WITH THE PRESIDENT AT THE WHITE HOUSE : Seated (from left to right) are Mr. Eden, President Eisenhower, and Mr. Dulles, the Secretary of State. Behind them are (from left to right) Sir Roger Makins, Mr. Winthrop Aldrich, and Mr. Walter Bedell Smith, U.S. Under-Secretary of State.

HERR KRITZ KOCH, WATCHED BY OTHER MEMBERS OF THE EAST GERMAN TRADE DELEGATION, SIGNING THE AGREEMENT WITH EGYPT IN THE FOREIGN MINISTRY IN CAIRO : Eastern Germany's industrial production has risen steeply in recent years. In 1949 it was 74 per cent. of 1938; in 1950 it was 94 per cent. and in 1951 it was 115 per cent., and the expanding process still goes on, interestingly enough keeping pace with Western German production.

BIG BRASS at ROCQUENCOURT

Ninety Senior Commanders and Staff Officers of N.A.T.O. Meet at the S.H.A.P.E. Headquarters, Near Paris

In recent days the world has heard a great deal of news about Field Marshal Lord Montgomery's Russian hat and of his projected performance as a Russian General, and, except in the journals that offer more closely detailed information, the hat has tended to dominate the news from Rocquencourt to the exclusion of all else. What has really been happening at the Supreme Headquarters on the outskirts of Paris is that most of the leading admirals and generals of the Western Powers have forgathered to discuss tactics, strategy and grand strategy with a view to revising the Command machinery set up in 1951. They have been taking part in an exercise known as CPX2, an indoor exercise of the type which Montgomery has developed over a period of years. Last week's exercise took place in an amphitheatre, with those participating gathering on each side of a relief model of the area under discussion. The director of the exercise presided, and behind him was a small stage where maps or charts could be shown and where a performance could be given to emphasize in bold relief some aspect of the general problem. (Hence apparently the Russian hat story, and the picturesque account given to the world of Montgomery dressed as a Red Army General.)

Altogether ninety leading men of the N.A.T.O. Command and important visitors from London and Washington forgathered for the exercise, with General Matthew Ridgway acting as host and Field Marshal Lord Montgomery as master of the ceremonies. Exercise CPX2 was important, as it gave the leaders a chance to discuss informally the actual recommendations for the revision of the N.A.T.O. High Command which will be coming before the North Atlantic Council.

EVERYONE BREAKS FOR TEA: High-ranking officers of the Armies, Navies and Air Forces of the member nations of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation seen as they moved from their conference room to the canteen building during a break in the proceedings at Camp Voluceau, near S.H.A.P.E. headquarters at Rocquencourt, on the outskirts of Paris. They were taking part in an exercise which enabled them to examine together problems of European defence against aggression. In charge of the proceedings was Field Marshal Lord Montgomery, Deputy Supreme Commander.

GENERAL OMAR BRADLEY WITH HIS HOST: The chairman of the United States Joint Chiefs of Staff with General Matthew Ridgway, the Allied Supreme Commander in Europe.

SOME OF THE AMERICAN AIR CHIEFS OF THE WESTERN ALLIES: Left to right—Lieut.-General D. M. Schlatter, Commander of the Allied Air Forces, Southern Europe; Brigadier-General Griswald, General Hoyt S. Vandenburg, United States Air Chief of Staff, and General Lauris Norstad, Commander Allied Air Forces, Central Europe.

GENERAL SIR RICHARD GALE ARRIVES, DESPATCH-CASE IN HAND: The representative of Allied Land Forces, Central Europe, seen at S.H.A.P.E. headquarters.

FRENCHMAN GREETS DANE: General Lecheres, Chief of Staff of the French Air Force, with Admiral Qvistgaard, Danish Defence Chief.

MARKED OUT FOR PROMOTION: Marshal Juin, Inspector-General of the French Armed Forces. He is expected to receive preferment.

THE ADMIRALS LEAD THE WAY: Admiral Mountbatten, C.-in-C. of the Mediterranean Command, with Admiral McCormick, Supreme Allied Commander, Atlantic. At this S.H.A.P.E. meeting naval strategy did not loom large, the main concentration being upon the co-ordination of the air forces within the North Atlantic Command.

Home News in Pictures

THE ABBEY'S CORONATION ANNEXE

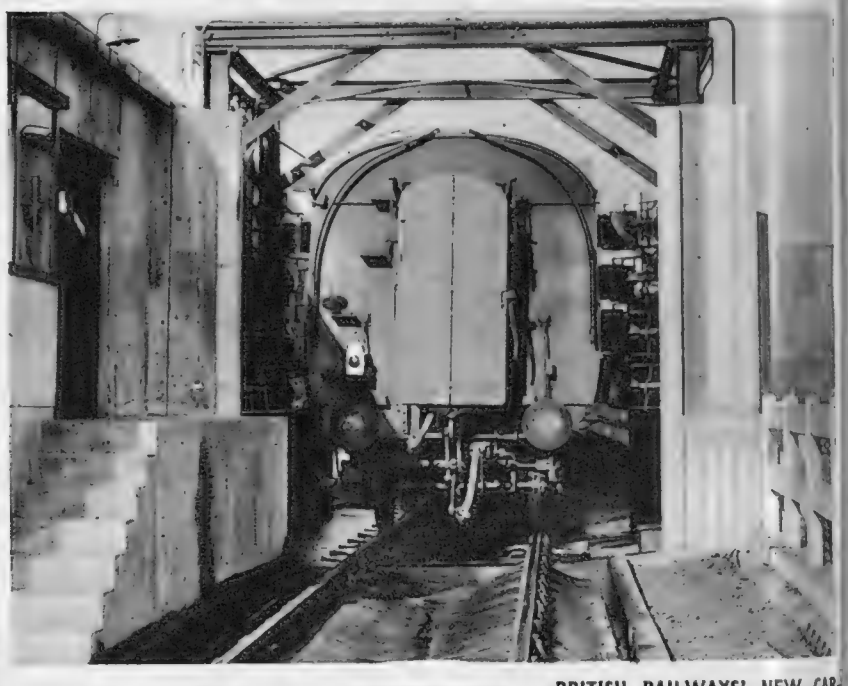
Another Child Prodigy from Italy; British Railways' New Depot; a Son for Seretse; Building the Royal Yacht; One of Scotland's Oldest Libraries; St. George's Tower, Canterbury

On left—

THE SCENE OUTSIDE WESTMINSTER ABBEY LESS THAN THREE MONTHS FROM CORONATION DAY: Behind the impressive Westminster School Crimean War memorial, workmen go about the task of preparing the Abbey Annexe for June 2. On the left is the site for the new Colonial Office, which is now being used for the erection of stands, and behind the Abbey Annexe is another row of stands which flanks the Abbey and St. Margaret's Church. The Annexe projects into Broad Sanctuary from the base of the north-west tower of the Abbey, and it will be lit by a large window divided into vertical panels facing down Victoria Street. The Royal entrance will take the form of a porch set against the northern side of the structure, the door of which will be protected by a canopy made of transparent material to give as good a light as possible for photographers at the moment when the Queen steps from her coach and enters the Abbey. The Annexe is being constructed of tubular steel, with walls of timber and building-board painted on the outside.

Above and on right—

AN EIGHT-YEAR-OLD "MAESTRA" CONDUCTS A REHEARSAL OF THE LONDON PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA IN PREPARATION FOR THE CONCERT AT THE ALBERT HALL LAST WEEK: Giannella de Marco conducted her first concert in England in the Albert Hall last week. When it was first announced that she was to appear in England the Home Office put a ban on her appearance, but when she offered to give her £300 fee to a children's charity the ban was lifted. Giannella de Marco conducted her first concert before an enthusiastic audience at the Teatra Massimo, in Pescara, before she was five years old, and in January 1949 she was granted an audience with Pope Pius XII, who described her as "a gift from God." At home Giannella is like any other girl and plays with her dolls and indulges in a weakness for sweets, but on the concert platform her prodigious musical memory and keen ear have amazed musicians who have played under her. Her greatest treasure is a baton presented to her by the conductor Victor de Sabata.

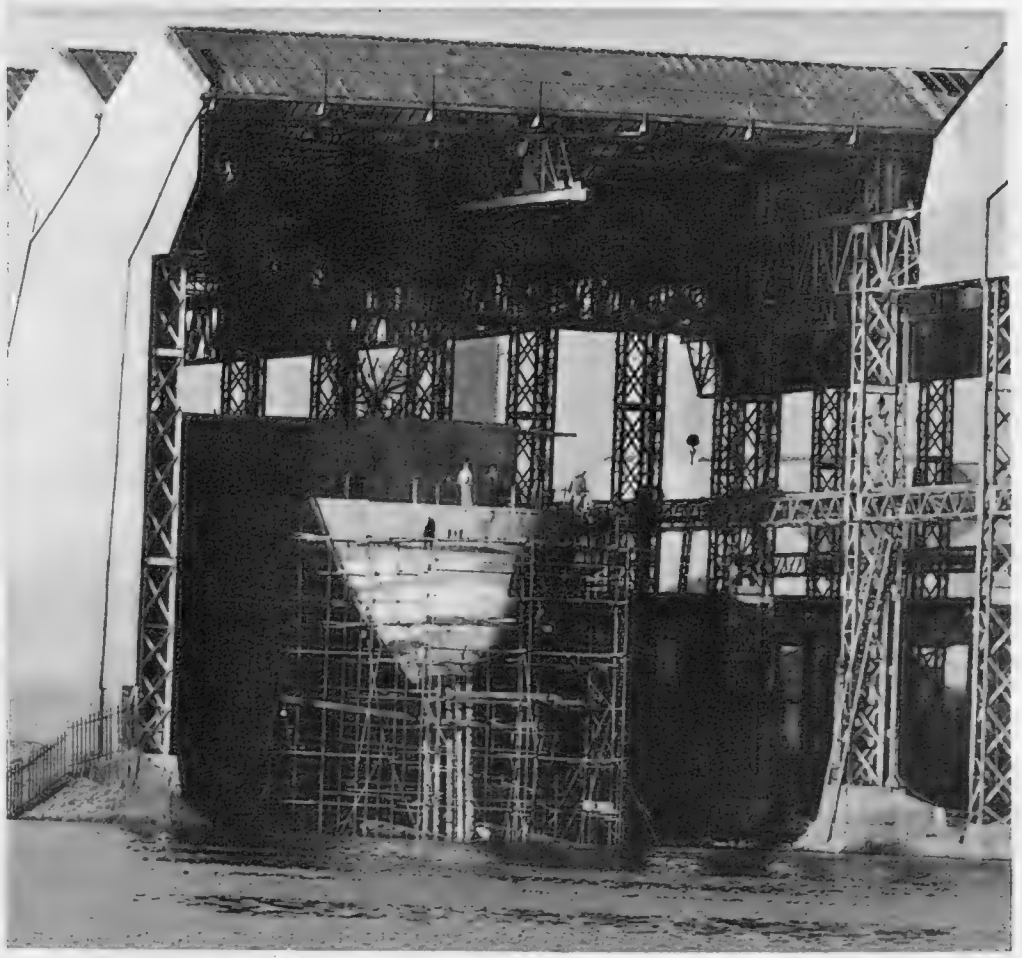


BRITISH RAILWAYS' NEW CARRIAGE CLEANING AND MAINTENANCE DEPOT AT WILLESDEN, LONDON: The tail-end of a train passing through the brushing plant at the new depot after being sprayed. On *left*—Coaches being washed with a special solution. The depot is now in full operation and will result in more efficient cleaning and servicing of main-line carriages and sleeping-car trains on the London Midland Region. It includes a "carriage solutioning machine" and two washing machines, fifteen marshalling sidings and seven other sidings equipped with oil-gas, water, steam and battery-charging services; two 30,000-gallon elevated water tanks, vacuum testing points and steam for testing carriage heating. The depot, which was opened last week by Lord Hurcomb, chairman of the British Transport Commission, was originally authorised by the Board of the L.M.S. Railway in 1938, and deferred because of the war. Built at a cost of over £750,000, it is the most modern of its kind in the world.

A SON AND HEIR FOR SERETSE KHAMA : The exiled Chief of the Bamangwato tribe is seen at his home at Chipstead, Surrey, with his wife Ruth, their three-year-old daughter Jacqueline, and their newly-born son. When Mrs. Khama announced that she was expecting another child there was speculation about the possibility, if the child were a boy, that he might one day become Chief of the Bamangwato, but Government spokesmen said that this could never happen. An Order in Council made in May ruled that "neither Seretse Khama nor Tshekedi Khama (his uncle), nor their children shall hereafter be eligible to be Chief or acting Chief or Regent of the tribe."

AN APPEAL FOR ONE OF SCOTLAND'S OLDEST LIBRARIES : This is the Innerpeffray Library, near Crieff, Perthshire, one of the oldest in Scotland, for which an appeal has recently been made. The Library was founded in 1691 by the third Lord of Madderty, and contains many treasures, especially those connected with the Marquis of Montrose. The annual income is just sufficient to meet normal expenditure, but this year the Governors of the Library are faced with greater costs than usual. Woodworm has damaged the shelving and much of the outer harling of the building has fallen off and will probably have to be replaced. It has been suggested that a Society of "Friends of Innerpeffray Library" be formed to support the institution by annual subscriptions of about five shillings.

THE OLD STONE FIREPLACE OF THE INNERPEFFRAY LIBRARY : In spite of its rather inaccessible position on a high bank of the River Earn, several hundred visitors visit the Innerpeffray Library every year.



PREPARING THE ROYAL YACHT FOR THE LAUNCHING BY THE QUEEN NEXT MONTH : In this picture the stern of the yacht can be seen among the shadows of the huge shed where she is being built by Messrs. John Brown, at Clydebank. The keel was laid last June and it is expected that the vessel will be completed by the end of this year. The yacht will displace about 4,000 tons and will have an overall length of 413 ft., a beam of 55 ft. and a maximum draught of 16 ft. Her continuous cruising speed will be 21 knots and she will carry navigational radar. The Royal yacht is so designed that in the event of war she could speedily be converted into a small hospital ship. If this should be necessary the after-end of the shelter deck could be used for helicopters to land patients. The State apartments are to be on the upper deck abaft the main mast, with the Royal apartments on the shelter deck; the officers and crew will be berthed forward. The ship will be commanded by Vice-Admiral E.M.C. Abel Smith, Flag Officer, Royal Yachts.

PRESERVING ST. GEORGE'S TOWER AT CANTERBURY : Scaffolding built round the Tower as the work of restoration is started. *On left*—The old and the new—the 800-years-old St. George's Tower in contrast with the modern flats and shops which are being built to replace those destroyed during the war. The Tower, which is 45 ft. high, is the only part of the church of St. George the Martyr to survive the mass bombing attacks made on Canterbury in 1942. The walls are about 3 ft. thick and there is a well-preserved Norman doorway in the west wall. The most important defect to be overcome by the restorers is a large crack running up the south-east corner. The roof and parapet are also in a very dilapidated condition and will have to be completely replaced. The work of restoring the Tower is being carried out by the Ministry of Works, who have estimated that they will spend £5,000 on the project. Canterbury Corporation intend the Tower to stand as a permanent memorial to the heavy damage suffered by Canterbury from enemy air attacks in the Second World War.

LOOKING ALONG THE PENINSULA OF HUNTER'S HILL, IN THE HEART OF SYDNEY HARBOUR: In the far distance is the harbour bridge which has now been in operation twenty-one years. On the left of the picture is the Lane Cove River, and on the right is the Paramatta. To relieve the immense congestion on the harbour bridge, the Sydney authorities have planned an Expressway linking the two shores for fast motor traffic. Fig Tree Bridge, seen in the foreground, lies on this Expressway system. There will be a large new bridge at Fig Tree.

From the earliest days of New South Wales, the linking of the northern and southern shores of Sydney Harbour was a subject for discussion and speculation, and in 1815 Francis Howard Greenway, the first architect to practise in Australia, proposed, in a report to Governor Macquarie, building a bridge from Dawes Point, at the city's edge, to the northern shore. It was not until 1900 that the first definite action towards building a bridge was taken, when designs were prepared and tenders called, but this proposal eventually lapsed and citizens of Sydney had to wait until 1922 for the necessary enabling legislation to be passed.

Ten years later the work was completed, and Sydney was able to point out to citizens one of the new wonders of the world, linked in the popular mind with the glories of Bradman, then achieving prodigies on the Sydney cricket field, and the glories of the harbour itself; for local pride runs strong in New South Wales.

It very soon became apparent that the new bridge, for all its magnificent carriageways, would not be equal to the burden laid upon it. The morning and evening rush at the toll gates was from the outset fantastic, and in recent years the peak hour of the day has brought 5,600 vehicles across the bridge. One toll collector in 1951 summed things up this way: "I don't know how the experts are going to solve this problem. All I know is that a man gets sick of this mad, unending rush by motorists to get on or off the bridge. My arm aches from tearing off tickets and digging into the money-bag."

Well, that was the situation in 1951. In 1953, in this coming-of-age year, the traffic still roars over Sydney Bridge, but the experts have a long-range plan and a short-range plan to right matters, and they believe that their new Expressway to run round the northern part of the harbour will one day make Sydney Bridge less of a racecourse for the city's traffic.

Sydney Harbour Bridge Comes of Age

It was Opened on March 19, 1932, and Since then People Have Been Streaming Across it at the Rate of 70,000,000 a Year

On left—

EARLY-MORNING TRAFFIC ON SYDNEY HARBOUR BRIDGE: The stream of vehicles passing from North Sydney to the centre of the metropolis. After being in existence twenty-one years the bridge is found to be quite inadequate for Sydney's needs.

Toulouse-Lautrec and the Moulin Rouge

Scenes from the New Technicolor Film which is Revealing to London the Gaieties of Paris in the '80's and '90's

PRELUDE TO A DOMESTIC TRAGEDY : The Count de Toulouse-Lautrec (José Ferrer) walks with the Countess (Claude Nollier) across the hall of their ancestral mansion, to which he has just returned, and as he does so calls to his son to come down. The boy falls and breaks his legs and, in the picture *on right*, the Count and Countess are seen with the injured Henri (Barry Crost), destined through this accident to be a cripple for life. José Ferrer doubles the parts of the Count and of his son (in later days) in this film, *Moulin Rouge*, based on the life of the great painter, de Toulouse-Lautrec.

Fifty-two years ago, on September 9, 1901, Henri Marie Raymond, Vicomte de Toulouse-Lautrec, scion of one of France's oldest families, a descendant of the Raymond de Toulouse who on the first Crusade helped to wrest the Holy City from the Infidel, died at the age of thirty-six at the Château de Malromé, his life wrecked by the influence of alcohol, the result of years of cognac and absinthe-drinking in the bistros of Montmartre, the fires of his genius burnt out and the hopes of his romantic yearning heart that lay within his stunted, unprepossessing frame, inevitably unfulfilled. To the world this ugly young-old man, whom Yvette Guilbert called the "little monster," left a legacy beyond all computation, drawings, paintings and lithographs by the hundred depicting life in his beloved Montmartre, on the racecourse, at the circus, and even in the *maisons closes*. His activities in the gay Paris of the '80's and '90's are vividly brought to the screen in the film *Moulin Rouge*. The film begins with Toulouse-Lautrec's tragedy at the age of thirteen, when he fell down the staircase of his ancestral home; his broken legs never grew after that date. We see Toulouse-Lautrec as a young artist plunging into the gaieties of Paris, his extraordinary love-life (possibly apocryphal), and his work as a painter who came to know the lithographer's art as no other layman before or since. Running through the whole film there is the zest and movement of the Moulin Rouge.

On right—

WALTER CRISHAM AS VALENTIN LE DESOSSE, THE CELEBRATED MALE DANCER OF THE MOULIN ROUGE : He is standing beside the original poster made by Toulouse-Lautrec to advertise this gay haunt of Paris in the 80's and 90's. For his part in the film Crisham was given a false nose and chin. *Moulin Rouge* began its run last week at the Carlton Cinema, in London's West End.

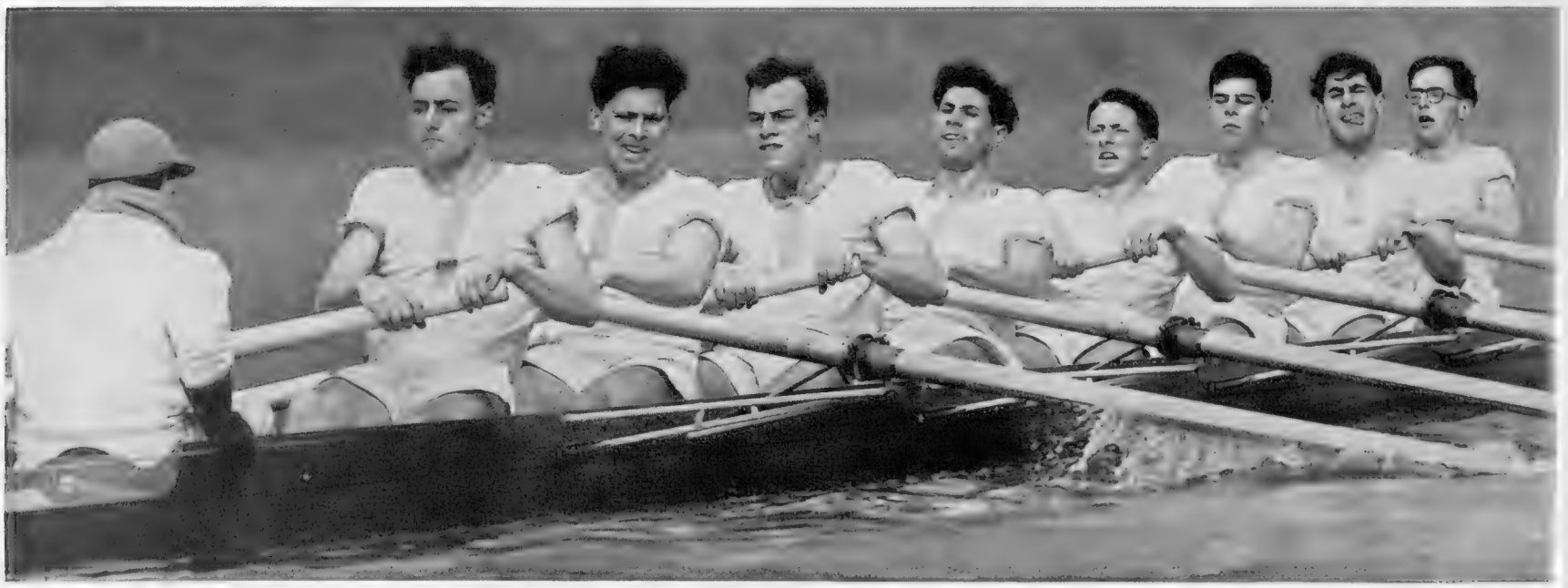
Below—

"YOU CAN'T PRINT THAT," SAYS THE LITHOGRAPHER : Toulouse-Lautrec (José Ferrer), the dwarf genius, shows his first poster to the printer, who claims that there are no such colours in lithography. The painter sets to work and shows the printer how it can be done.

AT THE MERCY OF MARIE CHARLET : Toulouse-Lautrec with the slut of the Parisian streets who stays with him for his money, hoodwinks him in every way. José Ferrer and Colette Marchand in their scene together after the painter has tracked the girl to one of her low Paris haunts.

WATCHING THE FUN FROM THE LONG BAR OF THE MOULIN ROUGE : It is in the first fifteen minutes of this film that John Huston's direction sets the pace, the Technicolor scenes within the Moulin Rouge re-creating the verve and gaiety of Paris in the days of Toulouse-Lautrec and his circle. It was the posters of Toulouse-Lautrec, striking examples of lithographic art, which brought Parisians flocking to the Moulin Rouge. For his first poster for the management Toulouse-Lautrec was allowed free drinks "on the house" for a month.

THE OXFORD CREW PRACTISING ON THE THAMES AT PUTNEY FOR THE BOAT RACE ON MARCH 28 : The crew are, from left to right (bow to cox)—R. A. Byatt, A. J. Smith, J. M. Wilson, E. C. B. Hammond, M. L. Thomas, D. T. H. Davenport, H. M. C. Quick, J. S. Howles and W. R. Marsh. On this occasion the Oxford crew were on the water about half an hour in the morning and paddled as far as Harrods. On the return journey the rate of paddling was raised to 24 and the work was varied by some serious rowing in which Howles got ten strokes in 18 secs. Very fast conditions prevailed when they returned to the river in the afternoon, rowing from Hammersmith to Putney over perfectly smooth water, with a strong following wind, reaching the Mile Post in 2 mins. 57 secs. The rate never fell below 30 and Howles raised this to 32 in one spurt.



AN OUTING ON THE THAMES AT PUTNEY FOR THE CAMBRIDGE BOAT RACE CREW : They are, from left to right (cox to bow)—B. M. Eddy, P. D. Hall, J. M. King L. McCagg, D. A. T. Leadley, G. T. Marshall, J. R. A. Macmillan, J. S. M. Jones and J. A. H. Wallis. This was their first full course and their first major row of any kind, but conditions made it difficult to draw a comparison with Oxford's first full course. At this stage the crew had hardly begun to show their paces and the time of 20 mins. 7 secs was fair. A steady improvement has already been noticed, but Cambridge still have far to go. Critics have said they are at present too hurried forward to command a really high rating.

BOAT RACE TUNING UP

SOCCER BY FLOODLIGHT

A LONDON-BERLIN BATTLE UNDER THE FLOODLIGHTS AT THE ARSENAL STADIUM, HIGHBURY, NORTH LONDON : A general view of the match between London (in white shirts) and Berlin. *On left*—The scene as Vaughan, the inside left, of Charlton, scored for London from a corner. London were victorious with a score of 6—1 against the first representative German team to visit England since the war. Berlin, badly handicapped by having in Schadebrodt a goalkeeper unequal to the demands made upon him, were weaker than anyone had thought possible. Schadebrodt occasionally saved in a spectacular fashion, but he was liable to drop the ball at vital moments and could have inspired very little confidence in the German side. Injuries to selected players left London weaker than was desired, but even so the match was little more than a work-out for them. Berlin's only goal was scored from a rebound by Ritter soon after the interval.

TEHERAN TENSION

After the Days of Disorder the Political Leaders Attempt to Iron Out Their Differences With the Shah

After the days of disorder in Teheran, in which rival mobs battled for the mastery in the streets of the capital, came days of tension as the Conciliation Commission sought to settle the differences existing between the Shah and his Government. When the Commission came to report its findings, however, to a private session of the Majlis, there was sharp criticism.

The report indicated that the factor which had caused recent misunderstandings between the Shah and the Prime Minister was their difference of views on the interpretation of articles of the constitution concerning the scope, authority and responsibilities of the sovereign's position. A difference of views also prevailed on the extent of the Government's authority over the country's affairs, especially as regards the security forces.

If the report were to be approved it seemed that the Shah would lose his constitutional position as supreme commander of the Army, possessing the power to make and dismiss new Army commanders.

Such was the tension over the report that it was decided last week to defer consideration of it until last Sunday, when it was again debated in a closed session of the Majlis. For the time being the streets of Teheran bore an unaccustomed quiet after the wild disorders of previous days. On the day of Stalin's funeral there was a great parade by the Communist elements, but their opponents left the streets clear.

MULLAH KASHANI INSTALLED IN HIS CHAIR AS SPEAKER OF THE PERSIAN PARLIAMENT: Kashani, whose supporters played an important part in the recent disorders in Teheran involving the Shah's Court and the regime of Dr. Moussadek, seen as he held an informal meeting with the Conciliation Commission in which the question of an understanding between the Court and Parliament was discussed.

On right—

A BROTHER OF THE SHAH ARRIVES IN INDIA: Prince Abdur Reza and his wife at Palam Airport, at the start of a six-weeks shooting trip.

THE KISS OF CONCILIATION: Reza Rafi, former adviser to the Shah's father, the founder of the Pahlevi dynasty, kisses the Shah's hand as he arrives at the Palace as head of the Conciliation Commission appointed to iron out differences between the Government and the Court. The Commission was received by the Shah after it had in turn been received by the two rival political leaders.

THE COMMUNISTS OF TEHERAN PAY TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF STALIN: These pictures were taken at the Stalin Memorial Rally held in Fawzia Square on the day on which the Russian leader was laid to rest in Moscow beside the body of Lenin. The Communists have been increasingly active in Teheran in recent days, and during the disorders resulting from the Court and Dr. Moussadek being at loggerheads they sided actively with the mobs supporting the Prime Minister.

The Sphere of Travel

THE LURE OF THE SWISS CITIES

An Account of the Unexpected Interests and the Considerable Appeal which are to be Found in Berne, Basle, Lausanne and Zurich

RECENTLY, when passing through Switzerland on my way to Italy, I halted for a few days at Basle. I was well rewarded, for I found once again in this historic city much to interest and delight me. Yet, to almost every British traveller, this place is unknown except for its station and buffet.

This state of regrettable ignorance also applies, although to a lesser extent, to Berne and Zurich, and even to Geneva and Lausanne. For the failure to make better known the undoubted attractions to be discovered in their five largest cities, I think the Swiss tourist authorities are partly to blame; for in the past they have taken the view that their country's sole tourist appeal lay in its scenery. They are now, however, beginning to appreciate that there are quite a number of holiday-makers who are not particularly drawn to gazing on mountains and lakes, but who prefer to explore interesting cities and towns.

I am going to suggest, therefore, that a most entertaining holiday can well be spent in the main cities of Switzerland; or, if preferred, such a visit could be linked with a stay at one of the scenic resorts.

Among the cities, Berne, the Swiss Federal capital, offers, I think, the most appeal. For here you find not only a lovely city, but also a lovable one. It is a place of childlike enchantment, with innocence as its key. A sceptical eye is, indeed, quite out of place. And so, when I visit there, I am perfectly content to meander along its curving, medieval streets, with their delightful arcades; to come suddenly on gold and scarlet fountains, wreathed with geraniums; to watch fantastic clocks clang out the hour—especially the one in the Kramgasse, where bears count the hour, a cock crows and the Duke of Zahringen strikes the hour. But wherever I wander in this delectable town I always find my steps bring me to the bears.

The bears of Berne are, of course, world-famous, and it is little wonder that they form the heraldic device of the city—for bears have been kept here since the earliest times. They are, indeed, the most fascinating of animals. They make shameless pigs of themselves, but they do it with an air. They strut and posture, knowing that their antics will bring down showers of tit-bits, the most important being carrots, of which they are inordinately fond. They lie on their backs, fold their paws, and will do almost anything for alms. Needless to say, their gluttony involves a change of bears at intervals, so that the gorged ones can sleep off their banquets.

If there was nothing else to see in Berne but its bears, I would still go there. But there is much else to enjoy. There is, for instance, the interesting minster, containing some fine choir-stalls and good stained glass. Then, near by, is the Junkerngasse, a most enticing street which leads down to the fifteenth-century Nydegg Kirche, from which you can look back over the loveliest medley of roof-tops. You should eat, too, in the Cornhouse Cellar, where in the evening local students amuse themselves by passing lively judgment on the stage show.

Outside the Cornhouse stands the strangest of Berne's many fountains—most of them being still in daily use. This particular one, known as the Ogre, shows a horrible cannibal stuffing a naked baby into his mouth, with others handy for the next morsels. Originally, the representation was intended to frighten children of the sixteenth century, so that they would not fall into a near-by ditch. But whatever the aim, the horrific effect is considerably minimised, for around the fountain-base there are the jolliest of bears, dancing happily while their master feeds on babies. And as you wander around Berne, each of its many lovely statues has some interesting story to tell.

Some excellent museums, an attractive Town Hall with a gem of a forecourt fountain, the Federal Parliament House with enchanting ceiling paintings in its long promenade room, the opportunity perhaps of seeing at twilight that incomparable natural phenomenon, the *Alpengluhen*, on the snow-capped Alpine peaks, and a rich variety of worth-while excursions indicate that a stay of three or four days at least in Berne is fully justified. While, incidentally, prices in the Swiss capital are distinctly lower than in the popular resorts.

Next I take you to the lakeside city of Geneva, which has Mont Blanc as an incomparable feature in the far background. Then there are few more delightful strolls in Switzerland than the one here, which takes you along the Quai du Mont Blanc and the Quai du Président Wilson until you come to the parks approaching the fine building of the United Nations.

On first acquaintance, Geneva may well strike the visitor as being an entirely modern town, but a walk through the Old Town reveals many pleasant surprises, especially in the vicinity of St. Peter's Cathedral, whose construction began in 1150. Every few steps, indeed, call up some exciting historical memory. Rue de la Cité, 20, was inhabited by Chateaubriand in 1832; place du Grand-Mezel, 4, was most probably Bonivard's—the Prisoner of Chillon's—last abode. In the rue de la Terrasse, Napoleon was received in 1800 by Madame de Saussure; Grand Rue, 25, was owned by Pastor Diodati, whom Milton visited on his return journey from Italy; and in the same street, at No. 40, Rousseau was born in 1772. Altogether, an illustrious directory.

It was in Geneva that I first learnt the technique needed to eat that delectable cheese dish, the *fondue*, which is a local speciality. When the sizzling cheese is brought to your table, bubbling in its dish set over a small spirit-stove, you must take a piece of bread on the end of a fork and dip it into the pot. The Swiss have a custom that if this bread should drop off in the process, then a bottle of wine has to be stood as penalty. With the *fondue*, either wine or milk should be drunk, not beer or water. And after the meal, a glass of kirsch is customary.

Almost in the centre of the northern Swiss bank of Lake Léman (for local rivalry does not approve the title, Lake of Geneva) stands the finely-situated city of Lausanne. This is, indeed, also a resort, for there is no better excursion centre in this part of Switzerland. With ease, you can reach Geneva and Montreux, either by boat or train. There are regular steamer connections with the French spas of Evian and Thonon, just across the lake. And within scope of a day's outing are Berne and Fribourg, the latter a particularly interesting old town.

I like, too, many of the lesser-known places in the vicinity: the narcissi fields above Montreux; the charming medieval town of Gruyères (where the cheeses come from), standing high on its rocky crag, with a single street lined with ancient houses, the whole contained within ramparts; the Château of Blonay, which has been in the hands of the de Blonay family for nearly 800 years; and Puidoux-Chexbres, a village set amidst vineyards and which hangs like a balcony over the lake—a pleasant spot for anyone seeking a quiet holiday.

But Lausanne itself is lively, entertaining and interesting. It has a youthful air, due perhaps to the many educational establishments to be found there, including the oldest hotel school in the world and a more modern school of gliding. Nowhere else in Switzerland will you find better French cooking; while even the French spoken is as pure as anything you hear in France. Doctors will find the Cantonal Hospital a veritable show-place; there is a magnificent thirteenth-century cathedral; unusual street markets offer some astounding bargains, apart from being highly picturesque; and exiled royalty may well be encountered during a stroll. This city, in fact, is my own personal choice for a fortnight's Swiss holiday. I would never get bored there.

Most modern of Swiss cities is undoubtedly Zurich. Its railway station even is exciting, being full of efficient gadgets and possessing a famous buffet where you can eat extremely well. "No smoke, no slums," is the city's proud boast, and this is perfectly true. Then, here, you find civilised life at its best, with outstanding educational, scientific and medical buildings that can be visited, if you are interested.

The humanitarian spirit is also visible on all sides: from drinking-troughs for dogs at the base of fountains to the impressive statue of Pestalozzi, one of the greatest of Swiss educationists.

As a shopping centre Zurich is one of the best in Europe; and it has also much to offer the art-lover. There is, for instance, the well-established June Festival, when the programme includes Shakespeare in four languages. This year *King Henry V* is being performed by the Bristol Old Vic; *The Taming of the Shrew* by Le Grenier de Toulouse; *Measure for Measure* by the Playhouse Company of Zurich; and *The Merchant of Venice* by the Compagnia Cesco Baseggio of Venice. Then, the newly-opened Rietberg Museum (Oriental art) is of outstanding importance; while easily reached from the city is Winterthur, with its magnificent art gallery, the Foundation Reinhart.

IN OLDEST BERNE: The old Nydegg Bridge in the Federal capital of Switzerland, which is one of the most distinguished cities in the country. The streets of old Berne, many of them with colonnades under the sixteenth-century houses, are picturesque thoroughfares, and a stroll through this part of the city offers countless attractions to the visitor. In his article Mr. Gordon Cooper says that in Berne "you find not only a lovely city, but also a lovable one."

THE LAKESIDE COSMOPOLITAN CITY OF GENEVA, WHICH HAS MONT BLANC AS AN INCOMPARABLE FEATURE IN THE FAR BACKGROUND: This Swiss city, which borders on the French frontier, is divided into two parts by the swift waters of the Rhône. Since the demolition of the ramparts in 1849-50, Geneva has spread rapidly and widely.

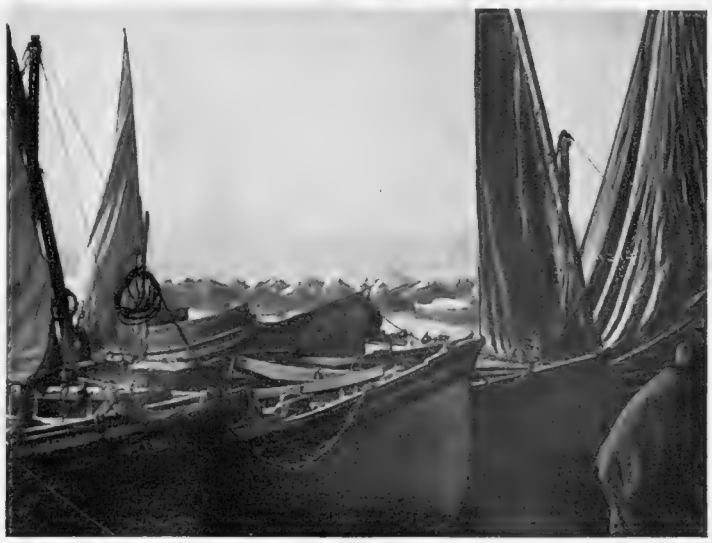
Lastly, I come to Basle, where, like Berne, I am quite content just to wander about the streets of its old town—a magnet for those who like to encounter charming reminders of gracious living in a past age. I find, too, that the people of this city, the literary and intellectual capital of Switzerland, are more gay and carefree than elsewhere. They are, in fact, jovial.

There are many interesting things to see in Basle, including its port, a fine cathedral, and the Kunstmuseum. This art gallery, which is excellently planned, holds many fine treasures, the Holbeins being its crowning glory. Here are to be seen such masterpieces as "The Dead Christ," tremendous in its realism, and the artist's group of his wife and children. The gallery's collection of ultra-modern art is also important.

Basle is famous for its pre-Lenten carnival, a spectacular affair; and do not fail, when taking some refreshment in a wine-house, to order a glass of *Schweizerblut*, or Swiss blood, which takes its strange name from vineyards situated on the battlefield of St. Jacob on the Birs, where 1,500 Swiss, few of whom survived, withstood for twelve hours the attacks by a French army of 30,000 men, in 1444.

Gordon Cooper.

A VIEW OF THE WATERFRONT JUST NORTH OF THE CITY OF ISTANBUL—ONCE CALLED CONSTANTINOPLE—ALONG THE WEST SIDE OF THE BOSPORUS : On May 29, 1453, the city's defences gave way against the attack of a powerful Turkish army. The 500th anniversary of the event is to be celebrated with the enactment of the triumphant entry into the city of Sultan Mohammed II.



FISHING-BOATS AND MINARETS : An attractive waterfront scene at Istanbul, the great walled city on the Bosporus which was for long the capital of Turkey.

On left—
INSIDE ISTANBUL'S GREAT COVERED BAZAAR : This enormous labyrinth of covered shopping-lanes was first constructed in 1461, and has been renovated several times.

Five Hundred Years of Turkish Rule

On May 29, Historic Istanbul will Celebrate its Capture by the Turks in 1453

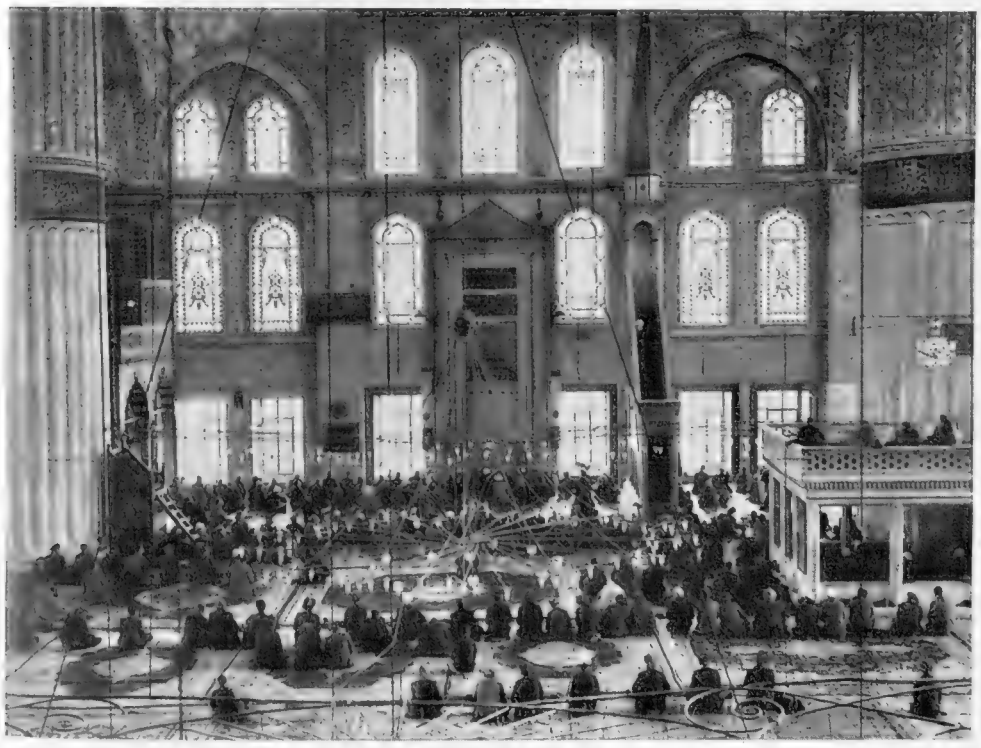
Five hundred years ago, the armies of the great Turkish Sultan, Mohammed II, were drawn up in battle array before the ancient walls of Constantinople. Fifty years earlier, in 1402, the sanguinary Tamerlane had halted the advance of the Ottoman Empire, but now the Turks were again on the march, soon to overwhelm the whole of the Balkan peninsula, to conquer Hungary, and to rob Persia of Mesopotamia and Kurdistan.

It was not the first time in her long history that Constantinople had withstood siege. The city was founded on the site of old Byzantium by Constantine the Great in A.D. 330, and eventually covered seven hills, like Rome. For a thousand years the city withstood the onslaught of the Goths and bought off the Huns. Belisarius saved it from the Bulgarians; it withstood the Persians for ten years, and saw Chosroes, the Sassanide, retire baffled from its walls. It was the Crusader Baldwin of Flanders, who, in 1203, first penetrated Constantinople's defences and marred a remarkable military achievement by so ruthlessly sacking the lovely city that many of its finest specimens of the art of Ancient Greece were lost for ever.

Afterwards a family of Latin emperors was established at Constantinople. This, however, lasted only fifty-seven years, and in 1261 Greek rule was restored under Michael Palæologus. It was nearly two centuries later that Mohammed II appeared and, after a siege which was humane and chivalrous compared with that of the Crusaders, overcame the valiant defences of the city.

Apart from the occupation of Constantinople by Allied forces after the First World War, the city has been in Turkish hands ever since and, until Ankara was established in 1923, was the capital city of Turkey.

This year, on May 29, the people of Constantinople, now called Istanbul, are to celebrate the city's defeat by the Turks. There will be an enactment of the conqueror's triumphant entry and a reproduction of his tent will be erected outside the city walls, still standing much as they were 500 years ago.



WORSHIPPERS AT PRAYER ON THE CARPETED FLOOR OF THE SULTAN AHMED MOSQUE IN ISTANBUL : Here official celebrations and formal processions take place at the great Muslim Festivals. The mosque is distinguished by having six minarets instead of four.

PERA STREET, IN THE MAIN SHOPPING CENTRE OF MODERN ISTANBUL : This area of the great city is the Western European quarter, where most of the foreign Embassies were at one time situated.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY WITH A DIFFERENCE

"Don Quixote Drowned" is James Hanley's Story of a Welsh Community and Old Shipmates

MR. JAMES HANLEY achieves that rare and difficult thing—a book that is a revealing autobiographical document, and yet that is almost entirely about other people. DON QUIXOTE DROWNED (Macdonald. 12s. 6d.) is a book of no particular form; the greater part of it is the portrayal of a Welsh community and its individual characters, the smaller part, of a series of five short and scarcely related pieces about old shipmates, the crew of a ship in the snow, and a wonderful essay on *A Writer's Day* that rings as true as a musical phrase by the writer's admired Purcell. What a remarkable writer he is, too; not to be classified, thank goodness, but certainly to be appreciated. One thing this informal book shows the reader most clearly, and that is the source and some of the inspiration of its author's extraordinary sea stories.

WHAT I HAVE HAD (Harrap. 12s. 6d.), by Mr. Harold Brighouse, who has been first-nighter, critic, distinguished member of the *Manchester Guardian* staff and playwright (he wrote *Hobson's Choice*, among other things), is described by him as some chapters in autobiography, and most entertaining they are. Mr. Brighouse writes about what he terms the "Manchester school" of plays and their sturdy and continued popularity, about the men and women of stage and letters that he has known well through the years, and about his far from banal experiences in the United States. He tells us that his looks were described in his youth as those of "a neurotic bulldog," which one may take leave to doubt. What is quite certain is that there is nothing neurotic but every thing that is measured, philosophical and, indeed, erudite in his book, and the wit of the man can be measured by the choice of his title from this Lancashire doggerel:

Thank God for what A 've 'ad.
If there 'd bin more A 'd 'ave bin glad,
But seeing as 'ow the times are bad,
Thank God for what A 've 'ad.

Miss G. B. Stern's new book is written in the way that her readers know, expect and presumably enjoy (or Miss Stern, being an astute writer, would take steps to change it), and it is about personalities and the very personal reactions she has had towards them. A NAME TO CONJURE WITH (Collins. 15s.) is, indeed, a book that only Miss Stern could have written and has the imprint of her vivacity, her taste and her amazing memory. Famous people and famous names are summoned up and treated with the same warmth whether they are living, dead or purely fictional. Indeed, Mr. Toad gets at least as good treatment, though perhaps a shade tarter, as Sir Compton Mackenzie or Robert Louis Stevenson or Elizabeth Bennett. As for the importance of names themselves, and the very inevitability and rightness of knowing some people by some names, there Miss Stern very properly quotes the author of the play *Harvey*, in which someone asks the fine inebriate character why he called his invisible rabbit friend Harvey, and he explains, a little puzzled that so self-evident a question need be put at all: "Harvey 's his *name*!"

THE MAN WHO VOLUNTARILY RETURNED TO RUSSIA IN 1935, AFTER SEVENTEEN YEARS' ABSENCE: Sergei Prokofiev, the sixty-two-year-old Russian composer, whose death was reported from Moscow shortly after Mr. Stalin's. Prokofiev first composed small piano pieces at the age of five and left Russia in 1918. After his return he fell into disfavour with the Soviet Communist Party, but in 1951 was awarded the Stalin Prize, second class, for two works.

THERE 'S NO PLACE LIKE PARIS (Putnam. 8s. 6d.), claims Helene Maclean, and proceeds to give us an amusing little book to prove it and to show the reader, what is more, how to feel at home in that city and what to expect from the French. The mood of the book is light-hearted, but it is also practical, and the neophyte (or "What is the French for eau-de-cologne?" type) will be able to glean a great deal of sensible information. Helene Maclean is particularly sound on taxis, on *strapontins*, those inventions of a particularly ingenious devil, on tipping, and on ordering from an apparently overpowering menu. Altogether, the book makes good, helpful reading, whether you are planning your first trip to Paris or your fiftieth, and in either case, too, you will like the little line drawings by Susanne Suba.

June this year marks the 700th anniversary of Bridport's incorporation as a Royal Borough, and that, I would say, was something for the tiny Dorset town to celebrate. In 1213 A.D. King John was urging its inhabitants to work night and day making ropes and cables for his ships: in the last war the Minister of Supply sent them virtually the same message, for ropes for the barrage balloons. For all these centuries Bridport has been making twine, rope and nets that have gone all over the world, and its inhabitants have a proud tradition of craftsmanship. THE BRIDPORT STORY has been published by the Bridport Industries Limited to commemorate their special occasion this summer, and a very charming volume it makes, decorated with old prints and with photographs showing their nets and lines in use from British Columbia to Nigeria.

The two most striking novels I have come across this week, although dramatically different in setting and in incident, are both concerned with a direct conflict, in one case between good and evil as expressed by a priest and a bandit, and in the other, between the hunter and the hunted. THE SINGER NOT THE SONG (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.) is by Miss Audrey Erskine Lindop, and it is a story of Mexico and a remote village in which a young Catholic priest arrives, determined to break up the almost mesmeric power exercised there by a bandit. It is exciting, it is powerfully realistic, and I hope the author will not mind if I say that it has all the signs of becoming a best-seller.

The other is THE CURVE AND THE TUSK (Collins. 12s. 6d.), which has its own brand of excitement, for Mr. Stuart Cloete has written of the predicament of African tribesmen bewildered by the adjustment to be made between their own traditions and the encroaching civilisation of the white man, and of a long-drawn-out battle between hunters and a couple of almost legendary elephants. There are some magnificent scenes of action in this, and where Mr. Cloete has avoided the sententious and stuck to direct narrative, he has written some memorable passages.

In the more domestic category there is Mrs. Ruth Manning-Sanders' novel about a timid little middle-aged bachelor who unexpectedly inherits money and is thoroughly alarmed by the new independence it appears to bring him. In fact, the poor fellow sees lions in his path at every turn, even when, to the more robust observer, they would only seem to be pussy cats. MR. PORTAL'S LITTLE LIONS (Robert Hale. 10s. 6d.) has charm in its cosy, unpretentious way, and the author has achieved a minor triumph in making her principal character shy, unobtrusive, but a personage in his own right.

Mr. Russell Thacher writes about the relations between two young people and their parents in an American setting, and his novel is announced as a study of adolescence. Booth Tarkington once wrote, memorably, on the same subject, and it can be an infinitely interesting one, but THE TENDER AGE (Wingate. 10s. 6d.) I found a little too un-tender for enjoyment. On the contrary, it is thoroughly tough, and its characters, although ostensibly brought up in decent surroundings, behave with insouciance, to put it more mildly than Mr. Thacher would.

ADVENTURES IN TO-MORROW (Bodley Head. 10s. 6d.) is a collection (or galaxy, *vide* the jacket) of science fiction stories of the type which has lately become amazingly popular in the United States. They are the work of thirteen writers, and I was interested to see the name of Mr. Walter van Tilburg Clark among them, which seems to indicate that serious writers are taking this literary phase seriously. Under the editorship of Mr. Kendell Foster Crossen the stories are arranged in a mounting scale of horror and wonder, and there is a good deal of chat about gleaming space ships, atmospheric inspectors and beings call Ao and Ttom. All very odd and inventive, but not yet, I think, up to the standard of a certain Mr. Herbert George Wells.

There is a new Simenon, and a good one, THE STAIN ON THE SNOW (Routledge and Kegan Paul. 10s. 6d.). The trouble is that it is also a depressing book, dealing with juvenile delinquents, brothel-keepers, perverts and sadists against a background of a wintry city occupied by enemy troops. When I say that it is good, therefore, I mean that it is admirably constructed and that the story is told with a compelling force that makes one read on in spite of the squalor.

THE DYING UKRAINIAN (Bodley Head. 9s. 6d.), apart from getting my vote for the least engaging title of 1953 so far, is a pretty good story of espionage and counter-ditto in England of more or less the present day. "L stands for liquidation," explains one of the characters briskly, and liquidation on an enormous scale is indeed what the Other Side are planning till foiled by Mr. Patrick Howarth's agreeable hero.

TIME ENOUGH TO LIVE (Secker and Warburg. 10s. 6d.) is a sincerely evocative novel of the R.A.F. in wartime and of the exploits of an American bomber-pilot flying with them. Mr. Dan Brennan writes with simplicity and dignity, and also, which is the book's mainspring, with a personal knowledge of his subject.

Mr. S. B. Hough has his own brand, and a very good brand it is, of psychological thrillers with an immediately topical interpretation. MISSION IN GUEMO (Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.) is his newest, and I recommend it, for it really is out of the ordinary.

CARLYLE

G. M. Trevelyan's Memorable Anthology

"Find me the true Konning, king, or able man, and he has a divine right over me." That was one of the viewpoints of Thomas Carlyle, a philosopher who was in sympathy with the spirit of Fascism and who would no doubt have revelled in the fun and frolics of this last quarter of a century if he had been alive to witness them. As a political theorist the Scottish rustic has little to offer us to-day, but G. M. Trevelyan, perhaps our greatest modern-day historian, finds there is still much to admire in his writings, and his brief anthology of under 200 pages, entitled CARLYLE (Longmans. 16s.), presents a very clear picture of the nature of Carlyle's art, its power and its perceptiveness. The works of Carlyle on heavily-loaded shelves in middle-class English homes have for the most part been swept away, and for those of us who have neither the time, energy, nor inclination to read this author *en masse*, here is an admirable opportunity to see what it was all about, this grave posturing with words, this imaginative, incisive probing into the innermost feelings of the creatures of history. It may be hazarded that anybody reading the extract from the essay on Danton and Robespierre, with its summing-up that two such chief products are too much for one revolution, will find that Carlyle's work possesses pith and the power to stimulate our thoughts. But here we may perhaps show our gratitude to Mr. Trevelyan, who, after sixty years of reading Carlyle, has passed so much material through the sieve of criticism and is now content to present to us Carlyle's fiery art only at its most sublime.

The Second World War has produced a whole crop of escape books, all much along the same lines, but they have all been remarkably good reading and have in sum total been wonderful tributes to the men who simply would not take to defeat. The latest of these books is Airey Neave's THEY HAVE THEIR EXITS (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.). Here is a story in which events turn full circle in five crowded years. Picture Second Lieutenant Airey Neave, Royal Artillery, one of the wounded from the defence of Calais being evacuated to Lille in lorries and buses some weeks after his capture in the debacle of Northern France, when along the road from St. Omer sweeps a cavalcade of Mercédès. "That was the Reichsmarshall-unser Hermann," said an excited German. Hermann was going to survey preparations for the assault on England. Picture, too, on the afternoon of October 18, 1945, Major Airey Neave, an official of the International Military Tribunal at Nuremberg, entering Goering's cell to present to the half-deflated Reichsmarshall with the indictment of the Allies. It must have been an extraordinary moment. In the years between Neave tells us of his incarceration and abortive escapes from prisoner-of-war camps in Poland, of his consignment to Colditz, where all the untameable escapers, the "bad boys," were sent for special surveillance. How he got out of Colditz, trudged to Switzerland, travelled through Vichy France and so to Spain, Gibraltar and freedom, provides drama in plenty for one volume, but before the war was over Neave was back in France working with the French Resistance on the rescue of Allied airmen grounded in enemy territory. He was even at Arnhem. All this and much besides Airey Neave packs into less than two hundred modestly-written and breathlessly exciting pages.

W. Lloyd Woodland, official shorthand writer under the Royal Courts of Justice, has in fifty years at the Hampshire Assizes been present at some of the most publicised cases in modern times, and in ASSIZE PAGEANT (Harrap. 10s. 6d.) he relates his experiences with a wealth of anecdote culled from the voluminous evidence he has heard and so faithfully recorded.

Howard Greer has found an apt title for his autobiography, the story of a farm boy who became one of Hollywood's leading designers. He calls his book DESIGNING MALE (Robert Hale. 16s.), and it does not escape attention that his work has taken him among some very designing young ladies. Pola Negri, Gloria Swanson and Greta Garbo were among his screen-star customers in the earlier days, and now, with his own successful business in Hollywood, he is helping to dress the screen stars of 1953.

SAILS AND WHALES (Andrew Melrose. 15s.) is the title of Captain Harry Allen Chippendale's story of his whaling experiences—not the modern kind of mechanised whaling but the rip-roaring stuff that reminds us of the days of Moby Dick. Captain Chippendale was born at sea (on a whaler), grew up at St. Helena, and at an early age joined the whaling barque *Canton*. He survived these arduous years of brutal and dangerous employment, served with vigour through three wars, and in the last of them he was still at sea in command of great ships.

Here is a book for the specialist in marine biology. FRESHWATER AND SALTWATER AQUARIA (Harrap. 12s. 6d.) is the work of Francis G. W. Knowles, who gives the reader the essence of his experience in aquarium maintenance.

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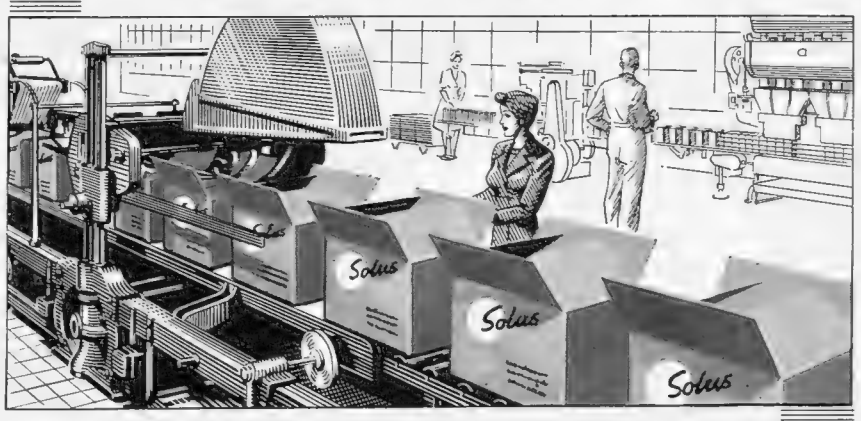

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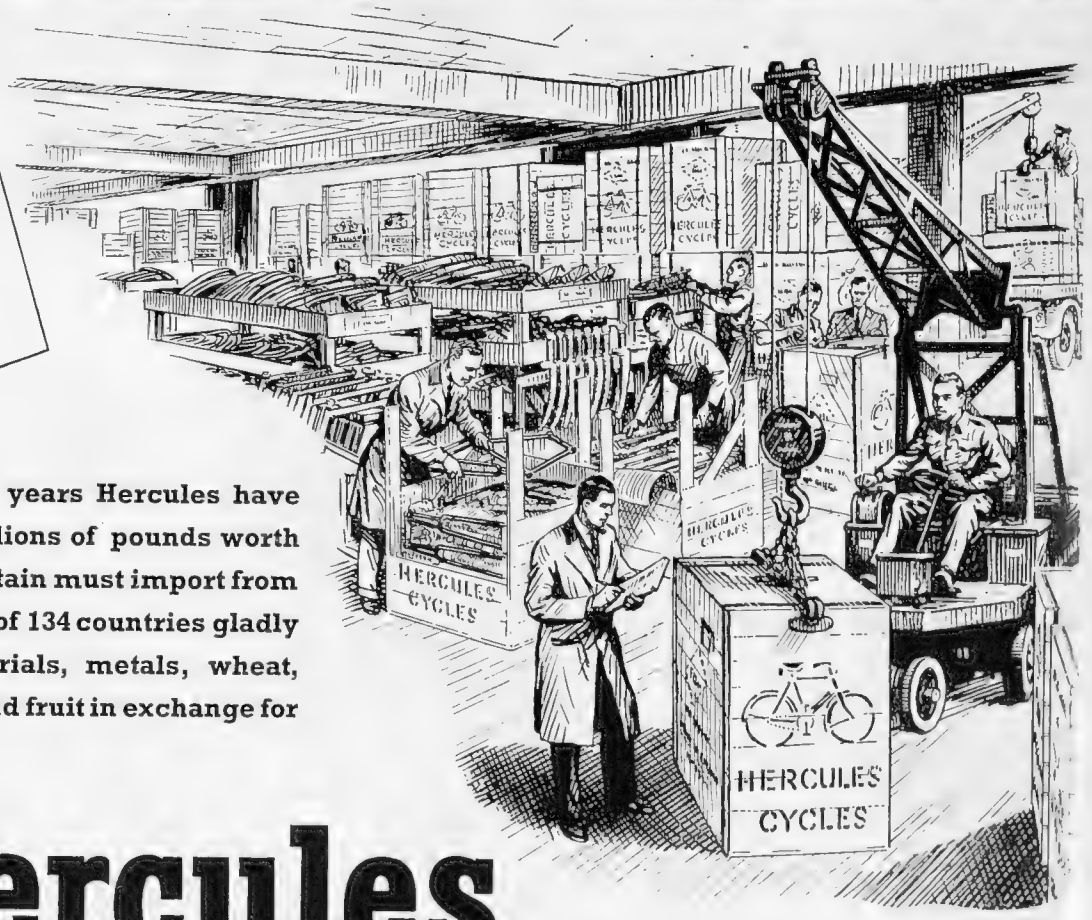

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

WITH the increasing facilities offered by Air Travel Companies, more and more people are looking farther afield in making plans for Easter, Whitsun or a long week-end. Within the British Isles, are places that provide a complete change of scenery and environment, and can be reached in a remarkably short space of time from your nearest airport.

The Isle of Man is an example. "Go abroad to the Isle of Man," invites an airline poster. And why not? To an island that is older than Britain itself, and which offers something from every part of Britain—tropical foliage of the Cornish Riviera; the Surrey Downs; the Lakeland Fells; mountain scenery; picturesque, wooded glens; modern holiday resorts and unspoilt villages, where the inhabitants still speak the Manx dialect, which seems to be a blending of Welsh, Irish and Gaelic, and has the delightful lilt of all three. To the island where the first Derby was run; which teems with interest for sportsmen, motorists and walkers, and is a paradise for family holidays. It is only two hours by air from London to this pocket-kingdom, with no irksome customs or currency restrictions.

One of the principal hotels on the island is the *Fort Anne*, which is under the capable management of that "live wire" hotelier, Mr. H. Cahn. Built during the Regency period, it retains a pleasant solidity of character, and makes a most comfortable base from which to explore Manxland as a whole.

Those who plan their holidays around golf, will find their seventh heaven at the *Castletown Golf Links Hotel*, Fort Island, situated on a peninsula in a sheltered bay, with the sea on three sides and its own 18-hole golf course on the other. Two hard tennis courts, bathing (a sea-water bathing pool is now complete), sailing, sea fishing and, indoors, a full-size billiard-table and a well-equipped games room are also available. And withal, such a colourful, well-furnished and comfortable hotel.

If, on the other hand, you seek the peacefulness of the country, only five miles from Douglas and even nearer to Ronaldsway Airport, you may prefer the *Arragon Hotel* at Santon, near Castletown, a fine country house where experts in interior decoration have created an attractive and comfortable setting. The hotel is part of a 750-acre estate with four farms and two herds (one for meat, the other for milk), so I can assure readers that they will neither want nor waste.

Air travel has also focused greater attention on Ireland, and whether your objective is Northern Ireland or Eire, there is plenty of scope in fine scenery, first-class roads and admirably run hotels. Last year I made an extensive tour of Ireland as a whole, with the result that my "collection" of personally inspected and recommended Irish hotels now totals over fifty. So, if you have an urge to tour the Antrim coast road, to stay within sight of the Mountains of Mourne, seek a golfing or fishing holiday, or want to motor around Ireland as a whole, I can probably help you if you care to write me. A similar invitation applies to the Channel Islands and the Scilly Isles, easily reached by air.

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to Mr. Ashley Courtenay, c/o The Editor, The Sphere, Ingram House, 195 - 198, Strand, London, W.C.2.

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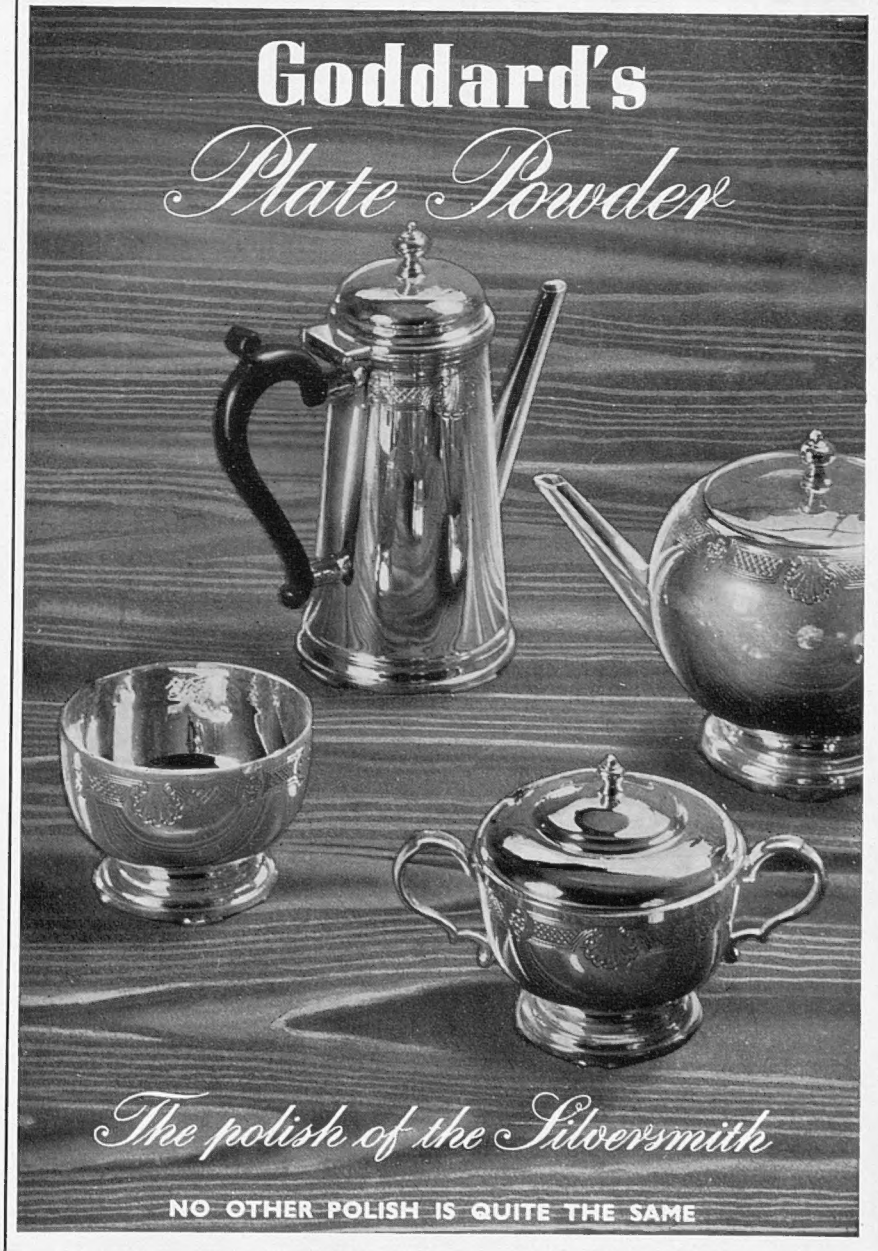

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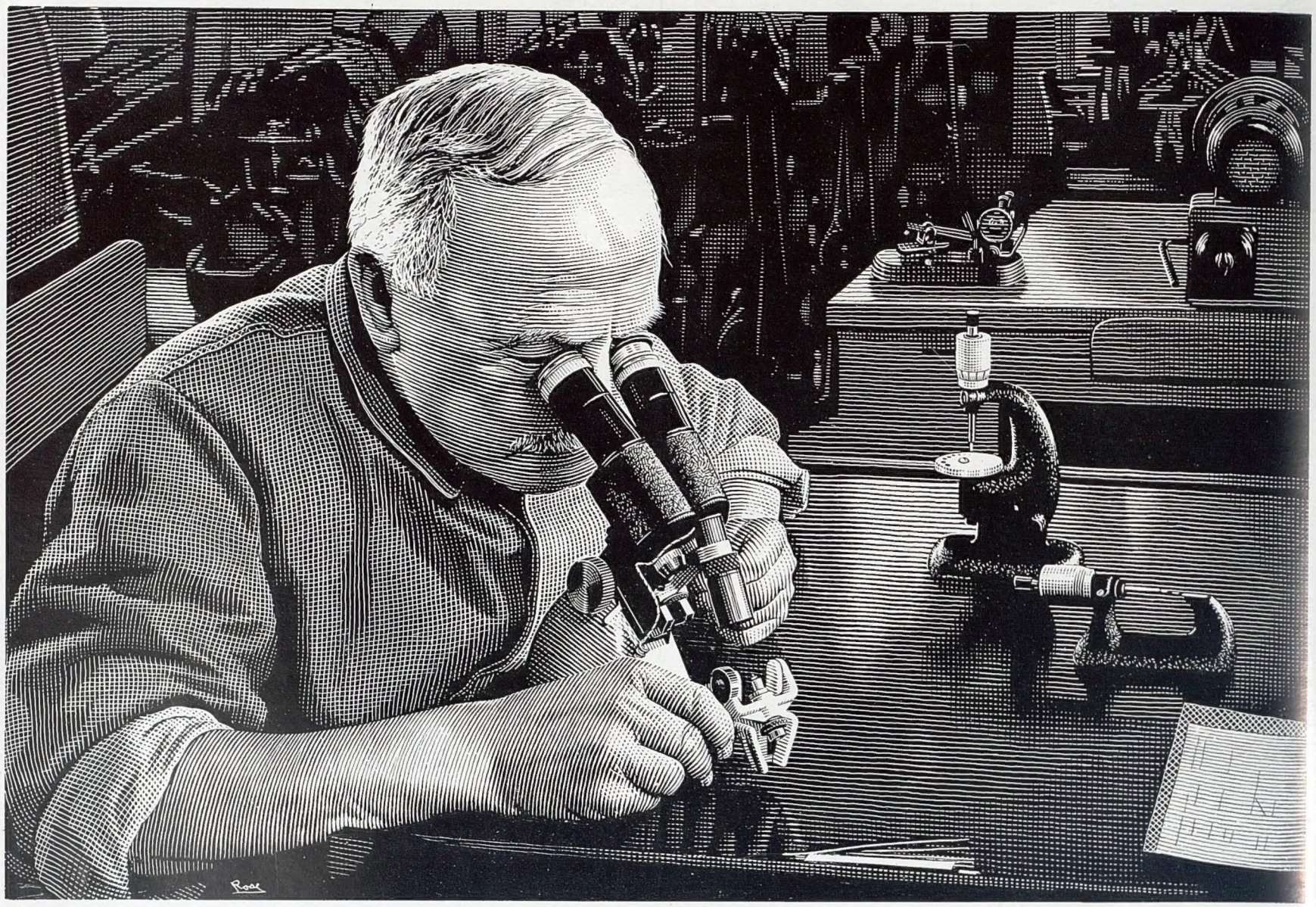
TIME IS THE ART OF THE SWISS



People have odd ideas about him!

The Swiss watch-craftsman is a proud man. Proud of eyes and fingers trained till they're exact as a surgeon's.

But if you think all craftsmen cling to old methods—the man who makes the good Swiss jewelled lever watch would be amused. At his fingertips he has an old inherited skill—but at his elbow, the latest precision-tools. Modern science, modern technology, modern production methods help him all day, every day. He's as proud of his equipment as of his skill.

How can you judge his work—and choose a watch wisely? Only with expert help, of course. Your jeweller is the only man to tell you why one watch is a "better buy" than another. To give you full choice from the latest types. To guarantee a new watch in perfect condition. To give you perfect service in years to come. For he's a qualified specialist with the resources of the Swiss watch industry behind him.

Your jeweller's knowledge is your safeguard

The WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND

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